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The Outlook

JANUARY 13, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

ADMIRAL EVANS

In Admiral Robley D. Evans not only the navy but the Nation has lost a man whose solid services to both navy and Nation were enhanced by that touch of brilliant picturesqueness which has been an attribute of so many great naval characters from the days of Benbow to the days of Nelson, and from the days of Nelson to those of Farragut. Admiral Evans was a Southerner who, like his fellow-Southerners Farragut and Thomas, stood by the Union in the great Civil War. He was a mere boy at the time when, in the desperate land assault on Fort Fisher, he was frightfully wounded, and lay for hours on the field before he could be rescued and his hurts attended to. He recovered sufficiently to go on with his career, but all his life he was a cripple in consequence, and it is not too much to say that throughout his life there was hardly one hour when he was not in physical pain because of these wounds. But his was a dauntless soul, and even those most intimate with him never knew save by accident what he suffered; nor did the attacks of pain, however severe, interfere with his always doing his duty. Probably even the American navy, fertile though it has been in gallant fighting men, has never had any man who more thoroughly and joyously welcomed a fight. But it would be a great mistake to think that the Admiral was nothing but a fighter. To the sailors, and afterward to the people as a whole, he was known by the endearing epithet of "Fighting Bob" Evans, but no man was ever cooler or more wary about getting into a position of danger needlessly; no man was ever more thorough in his preparation to meet any possible event. He was an exceptionally fine battle-ship captain, as was shown by his service in the war with Spain. He was also an exceptionally fine fleet admiral on the high seas, as was shown by the way in which he took the American battle fleet on the first and most important and dangerous portion of its voyage around the world. We say "most important" and "dangerous" because in the voyage of the battle fleet round the world, as in so many other matters, *it is the first step that counts most.* The best naval authorities abroad did not believe that any big fleet of battle-ships could go around the world, and laughed at the thought that the American fleet could do what neither an English nor a German fleet would venture to attempt. The success of the venture depended upon the forethought and carefully carried out preparations of the Navy Department, upon the excellence of the officers and men, and finally upon the power of command shown by the Admiral in charge, Robley D. Evans. This was his last and his greatest public service. His life was an honor to the Nation and the flag which he so dearly loved.

FALSE ECONOMY

There is one kind of so-called economy which consists, in the common expression, of "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bunghole." There is another kind of so-called economy which consists in saving money which ought to be spent and spending money which ought to be saved. The Democratic majority in Congress is guilty of both of these kinds of false economy. If there is one thing to which the Democratic party stands pledged, it is to reduce unnecessary expenditure. It begins this task by enormously increasing the pension expenditure of the country through the Sherwood Bill—a new expenditure of from fifty to seventy-five millions—and this without the approval of sound principles and against the explicit wish of such Democratic leaders as Mr. Underwood and Mr. Fitzgerald. Of the demerits of this pension legislation—which we heartily hope will fail to pass the upper house, and which we feel confident, from his past utterances, will not receive the President's

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signature—we have already commented in The Outlook. To offset this extravagance and to offset also the proposed passing of a public building bill for thirty millions or more, a plan of cheese-paring economy has been advocated which would, on the whole, be rather more objectionable than the waste of money already determined upon. Thus many House Democrats wish to kill the Tariff Board, the usefulness of which has been recently demonstrated beyond question, by refusing the appropriation necessary to continue its work. To describe this proposed "economy" is to characterize it. Again, a similar attempt to save a small sum is shown in the opposition to appropriate the $75,000 asked for by Mr. Taft to continue the work of the "Economy and Efficiency Commission." Senator Aldrich, it has been stated, once said that if the Government were run on business principles perhaps three hundred million dollars a year could be saved; it is through such a commission, acting as an expert adviser, that the way to make this kind of saving is to be sought. Finally, it has been proposed to cut off the appropriation of $25,000 now provided to pay for the President's traveling expenses. This would be a long step backward to effect a picayune saving. The sense of the people of the country is that the President, whoever he may be, should, from time to time and on appropriate and fit occasions, visit different sections of the country in order that the people may hear him and may know him. The expenses of a President at Washington, making due allowance for all that is provided him by Congress, are and must be very large if he is to maintain the social and official dignity of his position. When he travels, his expenses are more than personal, for he must be accompanied by officials and subordinates and must incur large incidental expenses. The people of the country at large understand this, want the President to live and travel in a dignified way, and are thoroughly generous in their intention to provide for all this. We are confident that Congress will not balk this intention on a pitiful and totally false claim of economy.

TARIFF DIFFICULTIES: SUGAR

The difficulties in the way of maintaining a reasonable, just, and beneficial protective system are illustrated by the perplexities which Congress is facing with regard to the tariff on sugar and on paper. Last year there were consumed in this country 3,350,000 tons of sugar, and the consumption is increasing annually at the rate of about five per cent. Cuba sent to this country about half of this amount in spite of a protective duty, and the entire product of the island comes to the United States. The other half is produced in Porto Rico, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and in the cane and beet fields of the South and West, without the payment of any protective duty. The protective tariff which is laid upon Cuban sugar imported into the United States brings two results: it provides the Government with a very large revenue, amounting to many millions of dollars annually, and it enables the free sugar producers under the American flag to make a handsome and, in some cases, an enormous profit. Some of the refiners of raw sugar in this country are asking for a reduction in the duty on raw imports. This request is likely to meet with the favor of consumers, who hope that it may lower the price of the manufactured product. But it is also likely to be strenuously opposed by the sugar-growers in free American territory. The sugar problem is to discover a rate of duty low enough to meet the requirements of the consumer and yet not so low as to destroy an essential source of Government revenue or to injure an important industry built up under the protective system. The Government of the United States is in a very real sense the guardian of Cuba, and yet apparently we must continue to tax Cuban sugar in order to avoid the great difficulty of substituting some other form of taxation, either direct or protective, as a substitute for the revenue which we now receive from the sugar tax. Cuban annexation with an Internal Revenue tax on sugar would not solve the difficulty, because the free growers in American territory now producing a million and a half tons a year would protest against free Cuban sugar, and we should be adding more complexities to the already heavy burden involved in the administration of our insular possessions.

TARIFF DIFFICULTIES: PAPER

The paper situation is still more perplexing. Our readers will remember that a section of the Canadian Reciprocity Bill was so framed that Canadian print paper and wood pulp are now admitted into the United States free of duty, although all reciprocal concessions by Canada failed with the failure of the reciprocity measure.

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Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Austria now claim that their paper and wood pulp should be admitted free by the United States under "the most favored nation" clauses of their commercial treaties. The President is reported as feeling that "the other foreign nations have pressed the favored nations clause a little too vigorously in demanding the admission of wood pulp and print paper free because of the clause which lets them in free from Canada." It might be said in reply that vigorous pressure for tariff advantages has always been characteristic of the protective system, and that the effect upon our foreign relations should have been considered when Canadian paper was admitted free—a piece of special legislation which The Outlook has already criticised as inconsistent with the protective principles of the Republican party and unfair to American paper manufacturers. Germany sent to the United States during 1911 seventy thousand tons of wood pulp, worth three million dollars, and she is determined not to permit the United States to favor Canada at her expense if she can help it. The result is that she is admitting Swedish steel at a more favorable tariff than American steel, and in response to protests that this violates the most favored nation principle, she retorts that she is only doing for Swedish steel what the American Government is doing for Canadian wood pulp. The only way out of the difficulty for the Government at Washington appears to be to admit wood pulp and print paper free from Europe or to repeal the free Canadian paper legislation. The Administration is believed to favor repeal, but it is not likely that a majority for repeal can be obtained in the present Congress—the daily newspapers, which almost as a body desire free paper, are too powerful. These complications over paper illustrate the dangers of "tariff tinkering" and the need for a permanent Tariff Commission which can help Congress to frame its tariff legislation on some consistent plan or principle.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE AND HIS POLICIES

Senator La Follette has been taking advantage of the holiday recess of Congress to make himself and the principles for which he stands better known in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, and, through the press, in the country. He has applied the fundamental principles of the Progressive movement to the trust question, finance, the tariff, party nominations, Conservation, and other political and administrative questions. These fundamental principles Mr. La Follette conceives to be simple. "The great issue before the American people to-day," he declared, "is the control of their own Government." The present Progressive movement he believes to represent a conflict as old as the history of man—the fight to maintain human liberty, the rights of all the people against the encroachment of a powerful few. In his speeches he describes the evil which the Progressive movement is striving to cure, the enemy which the Progressive movement has to fight, as a tremendous power which has grown up in this country in recent years, strong enough to nominate at times the candidates of both political parties, ruling in the organization of legislative bodies and of the committees which form legislation, exerting influence in Cabinets and in the policies of administration, in the appointment of prosecuting officers and the selection of judges. It is a power which in business has crippled or destroyed competition, has stifled individual initiative, has made prices and imposed its burden upon the consuming public at will. In finance its power is unlimited, giving or withholding credit in large affairs, and from time to time contracting or inflating the volume of the money required for the transaction of the business of the country, regardless of everything but its own profits. It has acquired large control of the public domain and monopolized natural resources. "This mighty power," says Mr. La Follette, "has grown up in a country where, under the Constitution and the law, the citizen is sovereign!" The purpose of the Progressive movement, as he sees it, is to restore the popular sovereignty; so to modify and reform, wherever necessary, Constitution, statutes, courts, and all the complex details of government, that they will faithfully carry out and express the well-formulated judgment and the will of the people.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE ON THE TRUST QUESTION

In relation to the trust problem Senator La Follette finds the greatest evil in unfair competition. He would have Congress prohibit specifically all those methods which make possible unfair competition and which operate as unreasonable restraints of trade. He would intrust to a commission the duty of investigating and

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prohibiting all such unreasonable restraints of trade as may be discovered or introduced subsequently. He would especially give the commission power to ascertain the physical value of the property of any corporation, as well as the value which its intangible property, such as good will, would have under conditions of fair competition; and the power and duty to ascertain the true cost of production based on honest investment, and to determine whether prices charged are yielding extraordinary profits or only the reasonable profits that competitors could earn. He would further eliminate the possibility of unfair competition by the reduction or repeal of any tariff duties which foster it. For the same purpose he would amend the patent laws so that the owner of a patent shall be required either to develop it fully himself or to permit its use by the public on reasonable terms prescribed by the commission on restraints of trade. He would also make impossible the monopoly of natural resources in the form of raw material for the sake of keeping out competitors.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE ON THE TARIFF AND OTHER QUESTIONS

In relation to the tariff, he approves the Republican principle of protective duties based upon the difference in the cost of production in this and competing countries, and a permanent, non-partisan, scientific tariff commission. The direct primary for the selection not only of candidates for local offices, but delegates to Presidential conventions, and a Presidential preference primary by which the voters may directly express their choice for Presidential candidates, he believes to be indispensable pieces of machinery for carrying out Progressive principles. He advocates the adoption of the initiative and referendum and of the recall, including the recall of judges. In relation to Conservation, he has enunciated a definite programme in relation to Alaska, involving the creation of a Board of Public Works for Alaska similar to the Isthmian Canal Commission. This board should undertake to build a railway from Controller Bay to the coal-fields, should acquire all the railways in Alaska, provide for the development of other public utilities, such as the telegraph and telephone, and operate and develop the necessary terminal facilities, and, if necessary, steamship lines, to market the products of Alaska on the Pacific coast. The board should also control the development of the coal-fields either by direct operation or by leasing the mines under proper supervision, insuring a revenue to the Government for the benefit of the people and regulation for the protection of the consumer. A careful reading of the advance copies of the speeches made by Senator La Follette on his tour gives, we are glad to say, quite a different impression not only of the policies but of the man himself from many of the news despatches published in the press. It is by no means necessary for a Progressive to agree with everything which Mr. La Follette has set forth in these speeches, but with the underlying principles for which Mr. La Follette stands, and with most of the ends which he is seeking to accomplish, if not with all the methods which he proposes for bringing them about, we believe that most Progressives will be in accord. We understand that Mr. La Follette has been greeted by great audiences. Whether the crowds that have gathered to hear him have been impelled by enthusiasm for the man, belief in the principles he advocates, or a desire to protest against present political conditions, it would be hard to say; probably by all three in varying proportions.

IRRESPONSIBLE JOURNALISM

The conduct of a great portion of the press relating to Presidential politics reminds one of Kipling's banderlog—the monkey people. Incessantly they chatter, and the things they spoke of yesterday they have forgotten to-morrow. The New York "Globe" rightly represents the actual situation when, in commenting on a recent statement in the Philadelphia "North American" (a statement which was substantially correct) it says: "Mr. Roosevelt is not a candidate now. He has no expectation of being a candidate next year. To state so much emphatically is as far as Mr. Roosevelt may be expected to go. It is disclaimer enough to satisfy the fair-minded. As to what would be his answer if a universal demand for him should arise next year it is not fair to ask him to say. . . . As Lincoln was fond of saying, no man may be justly asked to say, before he has reached it, whether he will or will not cross a particular bridge." This should be explicit enough; yet, without any evidence whatever to sustain them, several of the New York papers, following their customary wild and irresponsible methods as regards Presidential campaigns, soon after

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the publication of the "North American" article, began to assert that Mr. Roosevelt had declared himself to be a candidate; that he was observing a profound secrecy as to his intentions; that he was plotting in all sorts of mysterious ways, and that his friends generally knew that he was secretly aiming at the Presidency. The New York "Times" caps the climax by declaring (January 5): "The observant have long been aware that Mr. Roosevelt intends, by fair means or foul, to secure the Republican nomination for the Presidency this year." The ultimate truth about the situation may be expressed by a second quotation from the New York "Globe," which asks: "Is a Presidential nomination private property? May any man speak of it as justly 'belonging' to him? Is it proper to say that one man is 'entitled' to a nomination and another not?" and replies to its own question: "It is not vital what is the personal attitude of President Taft toward his candidacy or what is the attitude of Colonel Roosevelt toward his possible candidacy. We should not give to one man because he wants it, and not confer on another because he does not. We have been running a democratic republic for one hundred and twenty-five years. Yet it looks sometimes as if there is small appreciation of what a democracy is and what the Presidency is. It is time to vindicate the public ownership of the Presidency. We bestow it not to please any man but to please ourselves." One favorite device in the kind of journalism we are describing is the distorted headline—that is, the headline which has a tremendously sensational meaning, but which is not in the least substantiated by anything which appears in the article following. A striking instance is the headline in the New York "Evening Post" of December 23, referring to the Sheldon correspondence—"Colonel Roosevelt Says It's False!" Another is that of the New York "Sun" of January 4—"Roosevelt is a Candidate Again!" Examples might be multiplied of cases like this, in which the text of the article, misleading as it may be, does not in the least substantiate the headline. This kind of journalism greatly weakens the permanent influence of those newspapers which practice it.

THE STORY OF A NEWSPAPER CANARD

The managing editor of the Boston "Post" has sent to The Outlook, with the request for information as to its accuracy, the following item which has been going the rounds of the press throughout the country:

HOW ABOUT THIS, COLONEL?

(From the San Francisco Argonaut)

Recently a dinner was given to Oscar Straus in honor of his long career of public service. Naturally Theodore Roosevelt was present, and was one of the first called upon for a speech (says the New York Evening "Post"). With little preamble the ex-President launched into an appreciation of his ex-Cabinet officer's public record. "Believe me, gentlemen," he said, "when I called Mr. Straus to my Cabinet I was considering no questions of religion or race or station. I was considering only his fitness for the office to which I had elected him. Neither as German nor as Jew was Mr. Straus called to my Cabinet—but simply as the man most fitted for the position." The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, who, as everybody knows, is a bit deaf and at times absent-minded. After the proper greetings the financier began slowly, "My friends," he said, "when Mr. Roosevelt wrote and asked me whom I considered the best Jew for the position . . ."

This bit of amusing but wholly untrue gossip is based upon a speech of Mr. Roosevelt's at a banquet of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations which was held at the Hotel Astor on Wednesday evening, January 18, 1911. We have taken the pains to obtain a copy of the "American Hebrew," which gives an account of the banquet with verbatim reports of the speeches, and to ask both Mr. Straus and Mr. Schiff to give us the facts. The facts are that Mr. Schiff said of Mr. Roosevelt (reading from a manuscript which he held in his hands): "He not only preached theories but he turned those into actualities and called one of our co-religionists into the Cabinet of the President of the United States, the highest office within his gift. We Jews owe him a debt of gratitude which I earnestly hope will never be forgotten." In reply to this introduction Mr. Roosevelt said that when he called Mr. Straus to the Cabinet he did not consider the question of religion or race; he considered only Mr. Straus's fitness for the office. He did not appoint him either as a German or as a Jew, but simply as a man most fitted for the position, and, possessing those qualities, he was all the more glad to appoint Mr. Straus because he was a Jew. Subsequently it came Mr. Straus's turn to speak, and in introducing him Mr. Schiff said that he was at the White House before Mr. Straus's appointment was made; that Mr. Roosevelt told him that he had decided to appoint Mr. Straus as a member of the

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Cabinet; that Mr. Roosevelt asked Mr. Schiff what he thought of the appointment; and that Mr. Schiff replied that there was no one in the Jewish community who was so well fitted to occupy the position. Mr. Straus was in Washington at the time of this conversation, and Mr. Schiff came back to the hotel where Mr. Straus was stopping and told him substantially what is stated above. Mr. Schiff did not state, either at that time or in his introduction of Mr. Straus at the banquet, that Mr. Roosevelt had asked him or had written to ask him what Jew to appoint to the position, but that when Mr. Roosevelt had announced to Mr. Schiff his decision to appoint Mr. Straus, Mr. Schiff then expressed the opinion that no better member of the Jewish community could be selected. We state these facts, not because they are especially important in themselves, but because they illustrate the kind of misrepresentation and misinterpretation which every public man has to endure from newspaper gossip—gossip which is sometimes merely unintentionally foolish, and at other times, as we believe is true in this case, maliciously planned to injure. Mr. Roosevelt has had to bear very much more than his fair share of this kind of malicious gossip. If every newspaper would do what the Boston "Post" has done in this case, endeavor to get the facts—an endeavor which in this case The Outlook and Mr. Roosevelt both highly appreciate—a long step would be taken towards the eradication of one of the distinct evils of American journalism.

NEW YORK CITY'S GOVERNMENT

Few people realize how big New York City is. In population it is much bigger than the island of Cuba; bigger than the Republic of Colombia or Chile; bigger than the Kingdom of Bulgaria; bigger than all of Greece or the whole Kingdom of Saxony; much bigger than Norway; bigger than Switzerland, which has often been likened to the United States as a Federal republic; bigger than Denmark and all her colonies; indeed, New York City is bigger than Great Britain's great continental colony, Australia. It is not surprising that so imperial a city, with a population not only bigger than that of the countries we have mentioned, but far more complex racially, should find its problems extraordinarily difficult. In the past New York's government has been notorious because of the corruption and inefficiency that it has displayed, but its government has shown great improvement in recent years. The President of the Bureau of Municipal Research, a society of very exacting standards, is Mr. R. Fulton Cutting. He has made a statement with regard to the specific matters in which that government has shown improvement within the last two years. It will be remembered that two years ago the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the chief governing power in the greater city, which had been under the control of Tammany Hall, was made free from Tammany domination. Thus, though the Mayor was chosen from the Tammany ticket, the government of the city was liberated from that corrupt political organization. Mr. Cutting has pointed out the achievements under that Board. He registers his approval under seventy-four heads. Over a score of them are instances of improvement in finance and accounting which make for honesty, efficiency, and economy. A number of them are instances of improvement in administration, some of them of great importance; city advertising, for example, having been transformed from "a byword of extravagance and extortion" to "one of the best instances of retrenchment." Some of Mr. Cutting's points relate to the improvement of social conditions under which the people of the city live—the improvement of the milk supply, the reduction of infant mortality, the examination of working children, the reduction of dark rooms in tenements, the improvements in dealing with tuberculosis, the inspection of weights and measures, and the like. Mr. Cutting also notes the advance that has been made in planning for the city—for its transportation, for its docks, and the like; and he notes also the broad investigations that have been brought and are bringing knowledge to the people and the officials of the city. Some of the credit for these improvements belongs not only to the Board of Estimate as a whole, but specifically also to the Mayor. On the other hand, there have been certain very serious faults, which Mr. Cutting does not mention, for which the Mayor cannot escape responsibility. The construction of the Catskill Aqueduct, which has been admirably managed, was halted seriously by the Mayor's failure to take necessary action. The planning of the new subways was attended with great difficulty because of the Mayor's uncertainty and vacillation. On the whole, however, the government of New York under present conditions is such as to

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give promise for a future much more wholesome than the past. Mr. Cutting's list of good things well done, moreover, does not include many good things done under the individual administration of the several members of the city government. What Mr. Cutting's list shows more than anything else is that improvement in municipal government in America is not to be secured merely through a change in the forms of organization, but also through the selection of competent and disinterested men as administrators.

THE GIFTS OF 1911

In the present very critical and sometimes indiscriminately censorious attitude toward wealth, it is wise to strike the balance by recording in large letters the immense public benefactions, in which the last year surpassed all its predecessors, and made what is technically called a new record in the history of giving since time began. Millions of dollars were given in this country privately; the gifts that have been made public in one form and another amounted to $260,000,000, and, according to the New York "Sun," more than doubled the amount given in 1910. This great sum was divided between three general objects—individual gifts for individual purposes, individual gifts for educational purposes, and gifts for the advancement of the general well-being of society. The amount devoted to the first object was $160,000,000; to the second, $13,000,000; and to the third, $83,500,000; the balance of $260,000,000 being distributed for a variety of public objects. The foremost gift of the year in point of magnitude was the $25,000,000 passed over by Mr. Carnegie to the Carnegie Corporation of New York for the purpose of advancing the diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States; the sum total of the gifts of Mr. Carnegie amounting to more than thirty million dollars. An interesting incident in the history of the beneficence of the year is brought out by the circumstances attending a gift by Dr. Samuel Balla, a descendant of a noble Austrian family, who had become a naturalized American, practicing medicine in Los Angeles. A title descended to him, coupled with an estate valued, it is said, at ten millions. In order to accept the title, Dr. Balla would have been obliged to give up his American citizenship. Putting the two in the balance, he decided that the citizenship was of greater value. He refused the title, and passed the estate on to hospitals, asylums for the old, the sick, and the infirm, and to municipal homes.

SOME SPECIAL GIFTS

It has often been said that the poor who suffer most are not those who have always been poor, but those who are in what used to be called "genteel poverty." Some time ago the Queen of Rumania converted a great castle into a home for needy noblewomen. An American lady has established and endowed the Kate Earle Home for Kentucky Gentlewomen at Lexington in that State, which is to provide a proper shelter for elderly women born in prosperous conditions, but who have met financial misfortunes. It is said to be the only home of the kind ever established in this country, a statement which may need some qualification. It is pleasant to note that the unhappy phrase, decayed gentlewomen, once widely in use in England, has not appeared on this side of the ocean. Mr. James Patton has been a leader in the fight against tuberculosis, and last year devoted $4,000,000 to the struggle; $500,000 for the purpose of research work in Mexico into the white plague, its causes and preventives, a large amount for the education and protection of the children of what he calls the "pathetic classes," and $2,000,000 to the Northwestern University for research work in the same general field. Some years ago, as the "Sun" tells the story, a shabby old man visited nearly every hospital and charitable institution in New York, examined the kitchens, and inquired into the details of management and accommodation. Forgetful of the possibility of angels traveling in disguise, he is reported to have been gruffly treated in many places, but the Presbyterian and Hahnemann hospitals showed him the greatest courtesy. His name was Mitchel Valentine, and when he died it was found that he had left his estate of $2,559,514.55 to four institutions, the Hahnemann and Presbyterian Hospitals getting $1,146,826.13 each. This is a very eloquent sermon on the advisability of treating human beings as human beings, and not as the wearers of clothes. It is interesting to note that women's colleges are beginning to receive very large gifts from women, Miss Woerishoffer, who was killed in an automobile accident, bequeathing the great sum of $750,000 to Bryn Mawr. Eighteen Protestant missionary

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societies report contributions for the year of $51,000,000, of which amount $11,000,000 were devoted to missionary work abroad. Catholic contributions to Catholic universities and parish schools exceeded $13,000,000. The sense of responsibility for the use of money is evidently deepening, the attitude of trusteeship is being taken every year by a larger number of persons, and the habit of giving is prevailing to a most promising extent.

AN ARTIST PRINCE

The January issue of the "International Studio"—which, by the way, from the point of view of artistic illustrations, is one of the most beautiful and interesting magazines published in the English language—contains an article upon the landscape paintings of Prince Eugen of Sweden. The article is illustrated with admirable reproductions, in black and white and in color, of some of his pictures. We call attention to this article because it will help to correct the not uncommon notion that European kings and princes are wholly occupied with the elegancies and luxuries of a life the main object of which is the pursuit of their own pleasure and power. The fact is that the modern prince or king is one of the most hard-working and hard-worked men imaginable. Many of these men are as much absorbed in the administration of the affairs of their kingdoms or principalities as the most tireless Congressman or Senator is absorbed in the political administration of his office. The Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy are notable examples of royal personages who are as constantly occupied with affairs of state, even to the point of having regular office hours, as an American President. In olden times the members of European royal families devoted themselves to the arts of war; to-day there are many who with equal skill and enthusiasm devote themselves to the arts of peace, sociology, the principles of commerce, industrial chemistry and engineering, medicine or poetry, music, and pictorial art. Prince Eugen is a member of a family which has been notable for its love of the arts. His father, King Oscar II of Sweden, was a poet and an orator of real distinction and power; one of his uncles was a talented musician and composer; and he himself is a painter of such gifts that if he had been born a commoner, the world, which is always prone to look upon kings and princes as mere amateurs when they work outside of their proverbial field of war, would have granted him a high place in the list of accomplished modern painters. Even in republican America we are willing to admit that there are some advantages in being a king or a prince; but there are also some terrible disadvantages. One is that a royal personage always has the greatest difficulty in getting the world to judge him according to Robert Burns's just principle, "A man's a man for a' that." Prince Eugen is now about fifty-five years of age. He began his studies of art when a young man at the university, and pursued these studies as an art student in Paris. His pictures of the beautiful Stockholm Archipelago would attract unusual and favorable attention in any European or American exhibition of modern paintings. Three pictures which are reproduced by the "International Studio" deserve special mention—"The White Boat," "The Harbor, Stockholm," and the very poetic landscape called "The Silent Water." These three pictures show that Prince Eugen is a lover not only of silent nature, but of the stirring and active life of modern industry and commerce. He lives in a villa from which he gets a wonderful view of the shipping and movement of the harbor of Stockholm, one of the most picturesque harbors in the world; and he has perceived the fact which Americans have not altogether yet understood, although they are beginning to appreciate it, that modern commerce may be, and often is, full of beauty and poetry—a truth which the old Venetians did more than any other single European community to reveal to the world. We wish that American citizens of Swedish birth in this country might arrange an exhibition in New York of modern Swedish paintings, in which Prince Eugen's pictures would naturally take a prominent place, and invite the artist prince to come and open it and see what industrial and democratic America is doing for the development of an art that is truly representative of American life.

A FAIRY TALE AND A FARCE

Not long ago when a new opera appeared one expected to find it a spasm over some tale of degenerate passion or a dive anew into mysticism. This year in New York City the two notable "novelties" on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-House indicate a refreshing return in the direction of simplicity and wholesomeness. One of these is built up

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upon a tale of the sort to be found in books of fairy stories in which the hero is a fiddling minstrel; the other is an out-and-out farce. Musically, both are as free from sensationalism as their simple plots are. Thiele's "Lobetanz" is what we should call a fairy tale opera, although there is not a fairy in it. A ragged young minstrel surprises a bevy of girls as they are singing and dancing in a garden. He learns from them that the princess of the kingdom is in an unaccountable decline. When the princess, with her father, the king, appears upon the scene, the Court minstrels attempt to bring her cheer by playing before her, but they end in a jealous squabble. The unknown minstrel, Lobetanz, who has concealed himself in the meantime in the neighboring woods, plays upon his violin, and, as he plays, emerges. The princess is suddenly revived, and then, overcome by emotion, faints. The result is that the minstrel and the princess fall in love. The minstrel is condemned to death for his presumption. Even in the dungeon, however, he makes the death-doomed prisoners dance with his music. The princess in the meantime is in a deathlike trance. At the foot of the gallows the minstrel is sentenced by the judge and committed to the hangman, but at the last moment receives from the king permission to play his fiddle once more. He not only revives the princess by his music, but sets every one to dancing, including the king, the judge, and the hangman, and the execution is transformed into a celebration of the nuptials. Thiele has brought to this simple tale the resources of the modern orchestra and turns it into a music drama. As the opera progresses, the music increases in interest. The scene in the dungeon is very striking both to the eye and the ear; and the whole drama reaches a fine climax at the end. A work of this kind is like a breath of fresh air after the overheated atmosphere of Strauss and the rarefied atmosphere of Debussy.

"THE INQUISITIVE WOMEN"

The other opera to which we have referred is Wolf-Ferrari's rollicking farcical music drama "The Inquisitive Women" ("Le Donne Curiose"). The story on which this opera is based is simplicity itself. A number of Venetian gentlemen of the eighteenth century have formed a club. The wives of two of them and the sweetheart of another are consumed with curiosity to know what goes on behind that club's closed doors. They suspect gambling, necromancy, and worse. As a result of a series of stratagems accompanied with much gossip, fainting, and screams, they gain access, and find that all is perfectly innocent. They in turn are discovered, but all ends happily in a merry dance. Wolf-Ferrari's music might best be described as being what Mozart's might be if he were suddenly to come to life in this day and attempt the Wagnerian form of opera. It is to the tragic music drama of Wagner what opera bouffe is to the old-time tragic opera such as Gluck's. Wolf-Ferrari's music is altogether delightful. It races along with the aimless and amusing story and illuminates the wit and the fun of it. Whenever the gossip of the over-inquisitive ladies is at its height one hears from the orchestra the unmistakable cackle of the barnyard fowl—albeit a very musical cackle indeed. Throughout the orchestra laughs with the audience. The spirit of kindly satire that runs through the whole piece is well illustrated at the close of the twelfth scene in the last act. Arlecchino (Harlequin), the servant in motley who helps to complicate matters from beginning to end, has finally been prevailed upon, through fear of the ladies' hysterics, to let them into the club, and as the last one of these disappears through the door he picks up his lantern, peers about, and finally, coming to the footlights, most earnestly addresses the audience with the question, "Are there any more who want to come in?" Both "Lobetanz" and "Le Donne Curiose" are new only in the sense that this year they have been heard for the first time in America; but they are both several years old. Both are the works of comparatively young men. Thiele is no longer living. Wolf-Ferrari is still in his prime. He wrote this opera when he was only twenty-seven. He is now considerably under forty. He has the boldness of an innovator, but it is the boldness of one who is willing to turn aside from the mad rush after innovation. As his opera was being performed on Wednesday of last week he was on his way to this country. As his name implies, his ancestry is both German and Italian, and his music bears the characteristics of the music of both countries from which he has sprung. Both he and Thiele illustrate the point which Felix Weingartner makes in his article printed elsewhere in this issue.

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MORAL TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS OF JAPAN

The Outlook last week laid emphasis on the fact that our public school system is defective in that it furnishes no moral training for the young except as individual teachers who are able to furnish such training incidentally. Happily this is done to a very considerable extent. Happily also the American people are beginning to recognize the truth of Huxley's definition of education, and to realize that nothing deserves that name unless it includes not merely "the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws." Very interesting efforts are being made in the different State universities to introduce this element of moral training without conflicting with the fundamental American principle that sectarian teaching is not to be supported by the State, nor the Church endowed directly or indirectly by the State. This endeavor to unite moral training with intellectual education appears, however, to be even more than a national movement; in some sense more than a Christian movement. A Japanese correspondent has called our attention to a course pursued in Japan for the same broad purpose—the moral training of the young—and he sends us the following translation of an Imperial rescript on education issued in 1890. This translation, he says, although it is the work of a Government committee, and may be regarded as official, "does not do justice to the original, which, quite apart from the contents, is a rare model as a literary production." "The sonorous and dignified style of this edict," he adds, "can be better conveyed in Latin, or in some of the romance languages, than in the Teutonic." The rescript is as follows:

THE IMPERIAL RESCRIPT ON EDUCATION

Know ye, Our subjects:

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded Our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue; Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of Our Empire, and herein also lies the source of Our education. Ye, Our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore, advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue.

The 30th day of the 10th month of the 23d year of Meiji.

(Imperial Sign Manual, Imperial Seal.)

How effectively moral training is carried on under this rescript The Outlook is not able to state. We are informed that, as might be expected, the effectiveness of the training depends largely upon the individual school and the individual teacher. One method pursued appears to us to be worthy of consideration, if not of imitation, in American schools. Certain questions are formulated under subdivisions. For example: What does being filial to your parents involve?—in certain suppositious cases propounded by the teacher; and this question is then freely discussed by the class, so that they will not get a rule of conduct given to them by the teacher, but will develop a principle of conduct by their own free discussion.

A MAGAZINE ANNIVERSARY

When the first number of "Scribner's Magazine" appeared, twenty-five years ago, it seemed to many that the field was already overcrowded—an opinion which now seems as amusing in its inaccuracy as the opinion of a group of capitalists who dined together shortly after the close of the Civil War and decided that the prosperity of the country had reached its greatest possible height. The new magazine had a perfectly definite aim from the start, and made its own place with astonishing rapidity. It was radically different from the other magazines in its own class—a difference not easy to define, but expressive of the strongly marked individuality of its editor, which speedily revealed itself in the selection of writers and their manner of treating their topics. It was not accidental that the distinguished men and women of letters associated with the maga-

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zine in its earlier and later numbers were Robert Louis Stevenson, George Meredith, Mr. Barrie, Mrs. Wharton, and Mr. Quiller-Couch; a group of writers who had one quality in common—marked individuality of thought and of style. They belong in the front group of modern writers in English, and their contributions to the pages of "Scribner's Magazine" throw an interesting light on the frequently expressed opinion that periodical writing has nothing in common with literature, and that the magazine is the foe of the book. "Scribner's Magazine" has kept the best company from the start, as a glance at the names of the men and women who have appeared in its pages shows. It has done for letters quite as much as it has done for fiction; for it has given to the world letters from Thackeray, Poe, Stevenson, Bancroft, and General Sherman. In the field of criticism, Mr. W. C. Brownell's contributions alone would have given it distinction. Its popular articles have had permanent value; among them Mr. Roosevelt's hunting experiences in Africa, Price Collier's pungent account of "England and the English," Captain Mahan's "War of 1812," with articles by Stanley, Whymper, Birrell, Joseph Chamberlain, Andrew Lang, Woodrow Wilson. It was one of the first American magazines successfully to print colored illustrations. Ably edited, representing the best standards interpreted by the most original writers, thoroughly artistic in illustration, "Scribner's Magazine" must be counted not only among the publications which belong to periodical literature, but also as an important contributor to permanent literature.

A NEW PERIODICAL

Coincident with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of "Scribner's Magazine" appears the first number of "Home Progress;" a publication in an entirely different field. In that field its appearance marks notable progress. The new magazine, which is of moderate size, of moderate cost, well illustrated, attractively printed, and bears the imprint of the Houghton Mifflin Company, is devoted to the care and training of children. The first number happily illustrates how this scheme is to be worked out. There is a long and delightful article on "The Children's Sunday," by Dean Hodges, who never discusses any subject without bringing to bear upon it the genius of right feeling and common sense. A more simple and persuasive presentation of what is in many households a difficult matter to decide would be difficult to find. Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, a skillful writer for children, discusses "The Book and the Child," another subject which perplexes older folk; while Dr. Ralph K. Smith, who is an authority on the prevention of disease and deformity in children, contributes a prophetic article on "The Relation of the Doctor to the Home"—prophetic because he points out that the time has come to secure from physicians the same service which is now secured from lawyers—the service of prevention. Every home, Dr. Smith tells us, and the habits of living of every family, ought to be inspected by the home physician, and every person in the household ought to be examined in order that any existing defect may be discovered. The short editorials in the first number of "Home Progress" and the departments—"The Editor's Fireside," "Our Book Table," and "Clothing for Children"—promise intelligent helpfulness. This magazine, which is to include topics for discussion, lists of books for reading, and selected stories and poems, is part of the "Home Progress" reading courses, selected for their bearing on health, education, and home ideals. The three volumes already published, to be used in connection with these courses, include a "Handbook of Health," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson; "Stories to Tell to Children," by Sara Cone Bryant; and "As the Twig is Bent," by Susan Chenery; contributions to the three departments of health, mental training, and moral guidance. "Home Progress" is under the editorial direction of Miss Elizabeth McCracken, whose very interesting articles on "The Women of America" have not been forgotten by readers of The Outlook.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION

A recent number of the admirable periodical "Science" contains an interesting and suggestive article on "University Ideals and University Administration." The author, Dr. Stewart Paton, is a graduate of Princeton, was for some time affiliated with Johns Hopkins University, and has in recent years been engaged abroad in original research in the field of biological psychology. The article is a sympathetic but sharp criticism of American universities upon two grounds. first, that their administration is

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faulty; and, second, that they are primarily, if not wholly, devoted to teaching, and neglect the advancement of learning, which is quite a different matter, although it ought to go hand in hand with teaching. The president and trustees control the teaching and learning functions of the university, whereas, in Dr. Paton's opinion, they ought chiefly to administer its material side. The trustees are always graduates of the university, think in terms of the university, tend to preserve the traditions of the university, and, on the whole, are reluctant to get the advice or the co-operation of outside experts. This leads invariably to inbreeding. "The choice of trustees in our Eastern universities in a large number of instances is not determined by the individual's personal qualifications for the position, nor by his special knowledge of university problems. The selection depends frequently upon the partisanship of the candidate, reflected in the uncritical attitude of devotion to his Alma Mater, . . . which produces a hypo-sensitiveness in detecting the defects of his own, and a corresponding degree of hyper-sensitiveness for picking out those of other institutions." Dr. Paton would have prominent authorities in university education from outside the university frequently called upon to inspect and to advise; he would have the faculty given more power in directing the teaching and research work of the university. He would have the tenure of office for president or dean limited. The office of president of the university might be distinct from that of president of the board of trustees, and the faculty might elect the president of the board of trustees. "The salaries paid to executives should not greatly exceed those of the professors, nor should more elaborate provisions be made for the residences of president and dean than for those of the faculty." As to the second point of criticism, Dr. Paton rightly says that "learning and teaching, if either one is to be successful, cannot be dissociated." A man cannot be a teacher unless he is also a learner, and therefore the true university should encourage research work and investigation among its faculty and instructors, and, as far as is possible, among its students. No body of students can be inspired by merely teaching them by rote from text-books or by training them "to submissively follow the teacher." It must be apparent to any one who stops for a moment to think that in the realm of philosophy, social economics, or history those teachers are most successful who encourage their students to draw and frankly express their own conclusion, under the guidance of the teacher, from the facts which are given by recognized authorities. It was President Garfield, a graduate of Williams, who said he believed that a genuine university or college might be a log with a student at one end and President Hopkins at the other; and Dr. Paton quotes the late President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, who more than once affirmed that "the true university does not depend upon 'cloistered aisles' or a beautiful campus." This is only another way of saying that the real university teacher is the one who inspires his pupil with the desire to acquire and digest knowledge himself, and not to take it ready-made from a superior power that injects it into him. The spirit of education is as vital in the United States as it is anywhere else in the world, but that is no reason for saying that the educational methods in this country are above criticism. We believe such articles as Dr. Paton's are of real value in their critical character, even when their conclusions do not command unreserved assent and approval.

STUDYING THE NEGRO PROBLEM

President Alderman, of the University of Virginia, has announced a gift of $12,500 to that University by the trustees of the Phelps Stokes Fund as a permanent foundation for the endowment of a fellowship in sociology for the study of the Negro. This fund was established by the late Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes to assist in improving the condition of the Negro, and the trustees have adopted this as one of the methods to carry out her purpose. A similar sum has been given to the University of Georgia. The object of this fund is to yield an income of $500 to a fellow in sociology, selected by the university authorities in each university, to pursue advanced studies under their direction, and to prepare, as the result, a paper on some aspect of the Negro problem, the paper to be published by the university. This seems to The Outlook an admirable movement. It was natural, and perhaps unavoidable, that at the close of the war the East, which had regarded the new West as missionary ground, should similarly regard the new South as missionary ground. It was certainly inevitable that the South should resent being so regarded. Whatever excuse there may have been for this attitude fifty

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years ago has long since passed away. Those men of the North who are interested in carrying on philanthropic and educational work among the Negroes of the South can best advance their purpose by securing the co-operation of the South. Nor is it easy to conceive any more fundamental way of promoting such co-operation than by inspiring the young men in the Southern universities to recognize the Negro problem as their problem, and to give themselves to its study in a thoroughly human and at the same time thoroughly scientific spirit. We hope for great results from this endowment, not immediately but ultimately.

A DRAMATIC MUSEUM

On the third floor of Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, in New York City, the visitor will find the first Dramatic Museum established in this country. It contains models of theaters and collections of old prints and engravings representing stage conditions in the various epochs of the drama, and is the realization of an idea of Professor Brander Matthews, who has vitalized the study of dramatic literature at the University. The models of the old theaters show at a glance the historical connection of the play and the courts of the old inns in which the strolling players still performed in Shakespeare's boyhood. The collection also contains a large model of the Fortune Theater, which stood in Golden Lane, London, in the closing years of Shakespeare's life. Another model presents an English inn, and shows the players as they appeared in the stage-setting of the early time; and still another model presents in a realistic way the village square in which a play is being performed. The museum also contains a model of the stage at Valenciennes, where passion plays were acted in the middle of the sixteenth century, both the theater and the players being cleverly reproduced in papier-maché, against a background of buildings. Years ago, at a private dinner, the host brought out a portfolio of pictures of famous actors in great Shakespearean rôles from the earliest time down to the present. Booth and Barrett happened to be at the dinner; and, taking the pictures in their chronological order as text, they pointed out the changes in costume from one generation to another, and indicated also the different conceptions of the plays which were expressed in these changes of costume. The reader interested in such matters will find in Mr. William Winter's recent book, "Shakespeare on the Stage," many productions of old-time players in costume. The idea of the museum, Professor Matthews says, came to him as the result of a visit to the French Dramatic Museum in the Library of the Opéra in Paris. It is not to be a collection simply for the curious; it is to play an important part in the study of the drama at Columbia, and will enable the instructor of literature to show how physical conditions impose themselves on playwrights and actors. The Greek theater in the open air, covering an immense area, compelled certain dramatic forms and a certain style of acting; while the modern cabinet theater has brought into being a more intimate play in which subtle shades of character may be effectively expressed to a relatively small audience. The appurtenances of the drama have thus had important effects upon the drama itself. In connection with the museum there is to be also a library of manuscripts, prompt-books, and dramatic literature which throw light on the American stage.

FOR A PEACE COMMISSION

Most Americans do not realize that the spirit existing among certain wage-earners and among certain employers and their sympathizers is a spirit of bitter war. To what extremes this spirit has brought men has been shown by the McNamara case. What is still more serious is that this spirit of war exists in many places where it finds no expression in overt acts. Just now public attention has been called to the violence of employees; but there is not a particle of doubt that equally brutal acts have been committed by employers.

Public knowledge of these conditions ought not to depend upon newspaper gossip or upon the reports of occasional and sporadic cases in court. Certainly, correction of these evils will not be secured merely by the punishment of individuals here and there. Such individuals should be punished; it is a scandal every time that an offender against the public welfare is not punished. But punishment is not enough. The whole Nation ought to know what is going on. If there is tyranny, if there is disorder, the country ought to know it, and ought to know who is responsible, and ought to know what

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causes lie behind it, and ought to know what may be done about it.

There are wrongs and grievances. How shall they be corrected? Are they to be dealt with, on the one hand, by dynamite, and, on the other hand, by rifles in the hands of hired detectives? Unless the people as a whole deal with these wrongs and grievances in an orderly and civilized fashion, and with the determination to secure justice, irresponsible men will deal with them in a disorderly and uncivilized manner, and with the determination to secure privilege.

There are a great many employers and employees who have not this war spirit at all—thousands upon thousands of them. For their sake, as well as for the general good, the Nation should undertake to get at the bottom of those questions which divide employers from employees.

Forty-one men and women acquainted with the seriousness of this situation, and, from widely varying points of view, all acquainted with social problems, and all eminent in their own fields, have signed a communication to President Taft on the subject. They ask the President to advocate the appointment by himself and Congress of "a commission to investigate, study, and consider the grave problems of internal statesmanship" involved in these questions.

They wish such a commission to study the methods used by both sides in such an industry as the structural iron trade; to investigate the relation of the courts to such matters as the boycott and the picket and the strike-breaker; to look into the rules and records of trade unions; and to make a study of the remedies which have been proposed or practiced.

To show how weighty this communication is, we cite, practically at random, certain names on this petition (in inverse alphabetical order): Rabbi Wise, of the Free Synagogue in New York; Professor Seligman, of Columbia University; Secretary McFarland, of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches; Paul U. Kellogg, of the "Survey;" Professor Jenks, of Cornell University and of the Immigration Commission; John M. Glenn, of the Sage Foundation; Edward T. Devine, of the Charity Organization Society; Louis D. Brandeis, well known as a lawyer prominent in many public cases; Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; and Lyman Abbott.

When the President places this matter before Congress, as we trust he will, his recommendation to Congress for the creation of such a commission will have the support of public opinion.

PURE FOOD

Under the Federal Pure Food Law great advances have been made in protecting the people from manufactured foods and medicines which contain poisonous, injurious, and filthy ingredients. But there is much yet to be done.

No political or social reform is achieved in a single step; no political or social reform can be accomplished until the people are convinced of its necessity. The American people are now thoroughly convinced that they have in the past not infrequently eaten bread baked in filthy bakeries, meat packed in filthy packing-houses, and preserved and canned foods composed of filthy materials, and containing poisonous chemicals introduced for the sake of concealing the filth.

This is strong language, but we believe that it is accurate. This popular and well-substantiated conviction has led to the Pure Food movement. The present law has effected many desirable reforms and is excellent as far as it goes, but it needs to go further. There is a "twilight zone" in food manufacturing which the law must reach and illuminate.

There have been honest differences of opinion about the use of certain substances for the artificial preservation of milk, butter, cheese, meats, fruits, and vegetables. Among these the principal ones are borax, boracic acid and the various boron compounds, salicylic acid and the various salicylates, benzoic acid and the benzoates, formaldehyde, and alum. None of these preservatives is specifically prohibited by the Federal Pure Food Law. Borax in its various forms was chiefly used in the so-called preservation of meat, fish, and the products of milk; it was abolished by administrative regulation through the initiative of Dr. Wiley, and since its abolition there has been a constant effort to get it restored to use. The public must determine whether it wishes the use of these preservatives in manufactured foods continued, and if it wishes them forbidden it must see to it that the Federal law prohibits them. State laws can never be fully effective.

Many of the chemicals used in food-pre-

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serving are substances entirely unfamiliar to the general public, but there has been so much publicity given to benzoate of soda that the discussion of chemical preservatives has centered about that preservative. It cannot be denied that chemical and medical opinion is divided on the question of the injuriousness of benzoate of soda. While it is true that the number of European and American authorities who denounce any use whatever of benzoate of soda in food is growing, nevertheless it is also true that some eminent authorities still assert that it may be taken in small quantities into the human system without producing harmful physiological effects. But we think it is accurate to say that all authorities now agree that benzoate of soda may be used and sometimes is used by unscrupulous manufacturers to preserve decaying and inferior materials which form the basis for cheap manufactured jellies, preserves, and tomato catchups. It is a significant fact that some food manufacturers who in the past have defended the use of chemical preservatives in what they believed were reasonable quantities have now come to believe that such preservatives should be prohibited because they enable unscrupulous men to foist upon the consuming public cheap and unnutritious materials.

The division of opinion as to the injuriousness of benzoate of soda and the unanimity of opinion as to its use to conceal malpractice furnish one of the most potent arguments for the specific prohibition of all chemical preservatives in food manufacture.

When Federal regulation of railways was first urged upon Congress and upon the country, the great majority of railway managers opposed it. The discussion of the question, however, and especially the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Law, converted most of these opponents, and now the railway managers as a class are loyal supporters of the principle of Federal legislation. We are going through the same process with regard to the Federal regulation of food. At first only a few of the most enlightened and progressive food manufacturers favored food regulation. The great majority opposed it as an invasion of private rights, and many, we regret to say, fought it because it threatened to interfere with their illegitimate profits.

The passage of the Federal Pure Food Law and the public agitation in connection with it has had upon the food manufacturers the same effect that the passage of the Railway Regulation Acts has had upon the railway managers. The best and most enlightened makers and purveyors of food are now strongly in favor of effective Government regulation. A striking manifestation of this fact is found in the Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods, which is an association, not of consumers, but of manufacturers. Its membership consists solely of "manufacturers or distributers of strictly pure American-made food products," and in order to become a member the applicant must sign a declaration of his assent to the principles of the Association. These principles are found in the following quotation from its Constitution:

> The aim of the Association is to elevate standards in American prepared and semi-prepared foods of all kinds, by an insistence upon strict purity; the employment of only sound, wholesome raw materials; the entire and absolute omission from foods of artificial chemical preservatives, and recognized harmful artificial colors of any and all kinds, and the maintenance of a high degree of sanitation of premises and surroundings in establishments where food is prepared—to the end that increased public confidence in prepared foods may be secured, to the mutual and lasting benefit of both the consumer and the reliable food manufacturer.

An effort will be made to have the Federal Pure Food Law strengthened and improved by amendments during the present session of Congress. In harmony with the above-quoted principles of the manufacturers' Pure Food association—principles which we heartily approve—we wish to lay before our readers some general suggestions for the strengthening of the law.

There should be established a board or bureau or department to administer the law, composed of, say, three to five experts. Appeal from its decisions should be only to the courts.

There should be enacted provisions enabling this administrative board to conduct strict Federal inspection of all food factories and foods offered for sale—an inspection modeled upon the system used for the inspection of National banks.

The law should prohibit specifically by name the use of *all* the known artificial chemical preservatives in manufactured foods, and empower the administrative board to add to the prohibited list as occasion arises.

The law should empower the administrative board to determine what artificial coloring substances are injurious and to prohibit

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their use. All artificial coloring matter used under the permission of the administrative board should be plainly announced by name on the label of the food in which it is used.

If these provisions were adopted, the country would undoubtedly take another long step in its care of public health, which, it seems to us, is as essential a function of government as the protection of public finance.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

I sympathize with you in your disappointment that you are prevented from going into the ministry. For it affords not only a very useful but a very happy life—perhaps no more useful than other lives, but, to my thinking, of all lives the happiest—to one who is fitted for it.

In a village a hundred disciples of Jesus Christ, who possess something of his spirit and wish to carry on the work which he has left his followers to complete, unite for that purpose and form a church. Whether this church is part of a universal church and is a divine organization, or is a local body, human in its form and method, and divine only in the spirit which actuates it, has been and still is hotly debated. Into that debate I do not enter. The purpose of those who constitute the church is the same in either case. They can do much of Christ's work incidentally in their daily vocations: the lawyer in administering justice, the doctor in healing the sick, the teacher in instructing her pupils, the merchant in ministering to the physical needs of the community, the home-keeper in managing the home.

But they wish to do more than this. They wish to do something, directly and immediately, to pervade the community with the principles of the Sermon on the Mount and the spirit of the Good Samaritan. They look about for some man who they think is by temperament and training specially equipped to give himself wholly and unreservedly to the good offices of faith, hope, and love. They say to him: We will provide for your daily needs. We will give you food, clothing, and shelter for yourself and your family. You may dismiss from your mind the cares which occupy the main portion of our thoughts. You may henceforth accept literally the Master's injunction: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." We will take that thought for you. We invite you to carry on the work which the Master intrusted to the twelve in his lifetime; to do in this village what they did in Palestine: "And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give."

You may think I idealize. Perhaps I do. There are churches which seem to regard the minister as a hired man, employed simply to serve them; which think that time given by him to the community is taken from them. There are churches which do not keep their promises, which pay their minister his salary very irregularly, or not at all. But I have been for fifty years in the ministry; I have never in my life made a bargain with a church; I have always acted on this theory of the minister's relation to the church, and of myself as their minister to serve not them but the community in which they dwell; I have ministered in the West and in the East, in a little village, a moderate-sized city, the great metropolis; never to a wealthy church, and sometimes to churches that were decidedly poor. And I have never found a church that failed to respond to this view of our relationship, or to provide according to its means for my support. When it could not provide enough, I remembered Paul's example and provided the rest by my own industry.

To be thus freed from the drudgery which is a part of most industrial vocations, and to give one's self with an untroubled mind and undivided attention simply to doing good, entirely regardless of the question whether it pays, is—at least so I have found it—a delightful life. It is true that the minister will be sure to have some unreasonable parishioners. So the lawyer will have some unreasonable clients, the doctor some unreasonable patients, the merchant some unreasonable customers, and the farmer some weather that will seem to him very unreasonable. And the minister will not always be reasonable himself. But, making full allowance for all hindrances and drawbacks, the life of the ministry, rightly taken, is a very joyous one. The minister who does not find it so had better look at home for the fault before looking anywhere else.

This life is closed to you. What then? There is no time to waste in self-pity. There are other doors of Christian service open to

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you. The same mail which brought me your letter brought me one from a layman whose daily life is very arduous, who lives in a small village and is a member of an inconspicuous church. One sentence of his letter would be worth printing on every church calendar and framed and hung up in every parish house:

THE WORLD HAS SEEN WHAT GOD AND MARTIN LUTHER HAVE DONE, WHAT GOD AND JOHN CALVIN HAVE DONE, WHAT GOD AND JOHN WESLEY HAVE DONE, WHAT GOD AND D. L. MOODY HAVE DONE, AND WHAT GOD AND MANY OTHERS HAVE DONE, BUT THE WORLD HAS YET TO SEE WHAT GOD AND ALL HIS PEOPLE CAN DO.

We have treated the church as though it were simply a school, and the minister simply a teacher. We have treated religion and theology as synonyms, and substituted talking about religion for practicing it. We have summed up the whole of Christ's commission by the word "preach," and we have left out "heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." We have incited the laity to work, but the only work we have given them to do is the work of religious teaching and public worship on a small scale, in the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school. There are a great many laymen who have neither the temperament nor the training for public teaching or public prayer; we blame them because they do not take up work for which they are not prepared, but which is the only work that is offered to them. The church is not merely a school; it is an industrial organization. The minister is not merely a teacher; he is a captain of spiritual industry. But the industry which ought to be carried on by others under general guidance and inspiration has been thrown on him; and, dividing his energies between teaching and administration, he is not able to do either very well.

The Church of Christ does not want more ministers nearly so much as it wants more laymen; not passengers, but crew; not an army looking on to see how David will fight, but an army which will follow David into the battle; not sentimentalists, but men of devout spirit inspiring practical philanthropy; men who are not only harmless as doves, but also wise as serpents; men of worldly wisdom, who will use in the service of the Church their practical good sense in making it effectual for promoting the kingdom of heaven in the community, and helping to make it truly "at hand."

There is plenty of opportunity for you in Christian ministering, though you may never be a Christian minister.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PRODUCTIVE SCHOLARSHIP[1]

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHAT counts in a man or in a nation is not what the man or the nation can do, but what he or it actually does. Scholarship that consists in mere learning, but finds no expression in production, may be of interest and value to the individual, just as ability to shoot well at clay pigeons may be of interest and value to him; but it ranks no higher, unless it finds expression in achievement. From the standpoint of the nation, and from the broader standpoint of mankind, scholarship is of worth chiefly when it is productive, when the scholar not merely receives or acquires but gives.

Of course there is much production by scholarly men which is not, strictly speaking, scholarship; any more than the men themselves, despite their scholarly tastes and attributes, would claim to be scholars in the technical or purely erudite sense. The exceedingly valuable and extensive work of Edward Cope comes under the head of science, and represents original investigation and original thought concerning what that investigation showed; yet if the word scholarship is used broadly, his work must certainly be called productive scientific scholarship. General Alexander's capital "Memoirs

[1] The Mediæval Mind. By Henry Osborn Taylor. Macmillan & Co., New York.
The Life and Times of Cavour. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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of a Confederate" show that a man who is a first-class citizen as well as a first-class fighting man may also combine the true scholar's power of research and passion for truth with the ability to see clearly and to state clearly what he has seen. Mr. Hannis Taylor's history of "The Origin and Growth of the American Constitution" and General Francis V. Greene's history of the American Revolution could have been written only by scholars. Such altogether delightful volumes of essays as Mr. Crothers's "Gentle Reader," "Pardoner's Wallet," and "Among Friends" may not, in the strictest sense of the word, represent scholarship, any more than the "Essays of Elia" represent scholarship; but they represent more than scholarship, and they could have been written only by a man of scholarly attributes. The same thing is true of Mr. Maurice Egan, now our Minister to Denmark—who so well upholds the tradition which has always identified American men of letters with American diplomacy—in his essays in Comparative Literature, named, as I think not altogether happily, from the first essay, "The Ghost in Hamlet." Mr. Egan writes not merely with charm but as no one but a man of scholarly attributes could write—and, by the way, his dedication to Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding is a dedication to a man whose lofty spiritual teachings have been expressed in singularly beautiful English. In its most perfect expression scholarship must utter itself with literary charm and distinction; although, I am sorry to say, the professional scholars sometimes actually distrust scholarship which is able thus to bring forth wisdom divorced from pedantry and dryness. As an example, Gilbert Murray's "Rise of the Greek Epic" not only shows profound scholarship, and the profound scholarly instinct which can alone profit by the mere erudition of scholarship, but is also so delightfully written as to be as interesting as the most interesting novel; and, curiously enough, this very fact, coupled with the fact that Mr. Murray's translations of Euripides and Aristophanes are so attractive, has tended to excite distrust of him in the minds of worthy scholars whose productions are themselves free from all taint of interest, from all taint of literary charm. Professor Lounsbury's extraordinary scholarship has been fully appreciated only by the best scholars; and this partly because of the very fact of his many-sided development in the field of intellectual endeavor.

But I speak now of works of scholarship in the more conventional sense, of works which show scholarship such as Lea showed in his history of the Inquisition, such as Childe showed in his studies of English ballad poetry.

Mr. Taylor's study of "The Mediæval Mind" is a noteworthy contribution—I am tempted to say the most noteworthy of recent contributions—to the best kind of productive scholarship. His erudition is extraordinary in breadth and depth, his grasp of the subject no less marked than his power of conveying to others what he has thus grasped. He is not only faithful to the truth in large things, he is accurate in small matters also; and where he makes use of any statement he always shows that there is justification for it; although, by the way, I can only guess at his reason for calling Attila a "Turanian"—a word which carries a pleasant flavor of pre-Victorian ethnology, and might just about as appropriately be applied to Tecumseh. As he expressly states, Mr. Taylor is not concerned with the brutalities of mediæval life, nor with the lower grades of ignorance and superstition which abounded in the Middle Ages, but with the more informed and constructive spirit of the mediæval time. There is, of course, no hard and sharp line to be drawn between mediæval time and, on the one hand, what is "ancient" and, on the other hand, what is "modern;" but for his purposes he treats the twelfth and thirteenth centuries as showing the culmination of the mediæval spirit in its most characteristic form; although he also incidentally touches on things that occurred in the fourteenth century, and of course covers the slow upward movement through the Dark Ages (as to which he does rather less than justice to the Carolingian revival of learning) when men were groping in the black abyss into which civilization so rapidly slid after the close of the second century. His mastery of the facts is well-nigh perfect, and he handles them with singular sympathy. In such chapters as "The Spotted Actuality" he makes it evident that he has constantly before his own mind the whole picture. The ordinary reader, however, needs to remember that it is no part of Mr. Taylor's purpose to present this whole picture, but merely to make a study somewhat analogous to what a study of the intellect of the nineteenth century would be if it dealt exclusively with the thought of the various universities of Europe and America and of circles like that of Emer-

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son at Concord and Goethe at Weimar. Indeed, this comparison is hardly accurate, for the universities of the nineteenth century had a far closer connection with the living thought of the day than was true of the universities of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The latter (like their feeble survivals in the Spanish-speaking countries) much more closely resembled the ordinary type of Mohammedan university of the present day, such a university as the big Mohammedan University at Cairo, than they resembled any modern university worth calling such, or, indeed, any ancient university of living and creative force.

The schoolmen of the Middle Ages and the universities in which they flourished are well worth such study as that which Mr. Taylor gives them, if only because they represented what regarded itself as the highest spiritual and intellectual teaching of the time, and because they symbolized the forces which manifested themselves with infinitely more permanent value in that wonderful cathedral architecture which was one of the two culminating architectural movements of all time—the other, of course, being the classical Greek. But the greatest mediæval effect upon the thought of after time was produced, not by the schoolmen, but by works which they would hardly have treated as serious at all—by the Roland Song, the "Nibelungenlied," the Norse and Irish sagas, the Arthurian Cycle, including "Parsifal;" and modern literature, on its historical side, may be said to have begun with Villehardouin and Joinville. None of the leaders of the schools are to-day living forces in the sense that is true of the nameless writers who built up the stories of the immortal death fights in the Pyrenean pass and in the hall of Etzel, or of the search for the Holy Grail. There are keen intellects still influenced by Thomas Aquinas; but all the writings of all the most famous doctors of the schools taken together had no such influence on the religious thought of mankind as two books produced long afterwards, with no conception of their far-reaching importance, by the obscure and humble authors of the "Imitation of Christ" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." In the thirteenth century the spiritual life in action, as apart from dogma, and as lived with the earnest desire to follow in the footsteps of the Christ, reached, in the person of Saint Francis of Assisi, as lofty a pinnacle of realized idealism as humanity has ever attained. But among those who, instead of trying simply to live up to their spiritual impulses, endeavored to deal authoritatively in the schools with spiritual and intellectual interests, the complementary tyranny and servility in all such spiritual and intellectual matters were such as we can now hardly imagine to ourselves. The one really great scientific investigator, Roger Bacon, who actually did put as an ideal before himself the honest search for truth, was imprisoned for years in consequence; and this in spite of the fact that his avowals of abject submission to theological authority and unquestioning adherence to dogma were such as we of to-day can with difficulty understand.

At first sight such an attitude in the intellectual world seems incompatible with the turbulent and lawless insistence on the right of each individual to do whatever he saw fit in the political and social world, which characterized the seething life of the time. But, as Mr. Taylor points out, the minute that a man in the Middle Ages began to be free in any real sense he tended to become an outlaw; and, moreover, the men who were most intolerant of restraint in matters physical and material made no demands whatever for intellectual or spiritual freedom. The ordinary knight or nobleman, the typical "man of action" of the period, promptly resented any attempt to interfere with his brutal passions or coarse appetites; but, as he had neither special interest nor deep conviction in merely intellectual matters, he was entirely willing to submit to guidance concerning them. The attitude of the great baron of the highest class is amusingly shown by a conversation that Joinville records as having occurred between himself and King Louis the Saint. Among the questions which King Louis one day propounded to Joinville, in the interests of the higher morality, was whether Joinville would rather have leprosy or commit a mortal sin; to which Joinville responded with cordial frankness that he would rather commit thirty mortal sins than have leprosy. Now, in addition to being a most delightful chronicler, Joinville was an exceptionally well-behaved and religious baron, standing far above the average, and he was very careful to perform every obligation laid upon him by those whom he regarded as his spiritual advisers. The fact simply was that he had no idea of the need for spiritual or intellectual independence in the sense that a modern man has need for such independence,

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because he took only a superficial interest in anything concerned with intellectual inquiry. To harry a heretic or a Jew was not only a duty but a pleasure, and no effort whatever was needed to refrain from intellectual inquiry which presented to him not the slightest attraction; but leprosy was something tangible, something real, and the instant that the real came into collision with even the most insistent supposed spiritual obligation the rugged old baron went into immediate revolt.

The whole way of looking at life was so different from ours that only a thoroughly sympathetic and understanding writer like Mr. Taylor can set it forth in a manner that shall be sympathetic and yet not revolt us. One of his most delightful chapters is that on "The Heart of Heloise." The qualities that Heloise displayed are those which eternally appeal to what is high and fine in human life; as for her lover, Abelard, it is possible to pardon the abject creature only by scornfully condemning the age which imposed upon him the rules of conduct in accordance with which he lived.

Mr. Thayer's "Life of Cavour" is another first-rate example of productive scholarship. It is much more than a mere biography. The three greatest and most influential statesmen, in purpose and achievement, since the close of the Napoleonic epoch were Lincoln, Bismarck, and Cavour; and any account of either of them must necessarily be an account of the most vitally important things that happened to mankind during the period when each was playing his greatest part. An adequate biography of either must therefore be a permanent addition to history; such a biography could be written only by a scholar and writer of altogether exceptional attainments; and such a biography has been furnished by Mr. Thayer. Mr. Thayer is already well known as the author of various volumes dealing with Italy, all of them representing work worth doing, and all of them leading up to and making ready the way for the really notable history which he has now written. There are other books which should be read in connection with it: the younger Trevelyan's brilliant studies of Garibaldi and the Italian revolutionists of 1848 and the dozen years immediately succeeding, and De La Gorce's profoundly interesting histories of the Second Empire and the Second Republic in France, which contain the most powerful presentment of the period from the anti-revolutionary standpoint. Cavour not only did more than any other one man for Italian unity and independence, but he symbolized the movement as neither Garibaldi the Paladin, nor Mazzini the Republican, nor even King Victor Emmanuel symbolized it. As Mr. Thayer describes Cavour's career it is not only of interest in itself, but it is of interest as showing that vast and complex aggregate of contradictory forces through whose warring chaos every great leader who fights for the well-being of mankind must force his way to triumph. Cavour had to contend against foes within just as much as against foes without. He had to hold the balance between the unreasoning reactionary and the unreasoning revolutionist, just exactly as on a larger or smaller scale all leaders in the forward movement of mankind must ever do. Mr. Thayer has set forth in masterly fashion the task to which the great statesman addressed himself and the manner in which that task was performed; his book is absorbingly interesting to the general reader, and should be of profit not merely to the special student but to every active politician who is in politics for any of the reasons which alone render it really worth while to be a politician at all. Mr. Thayer is devoted to his hero, as he ought to be; and he is a stanch partisan; but his obvious purpose is to be fair, and the principles of liberty to which he pins his faith are those upon which American governmental policy must always rest—although it is not necessary to follow him in all his views, as when he suddenly treats free trade from the fetishistic standpoint instead of as an economic expedient to be judged on its merits in any given case. Every man interested not only in the realities but in the possibilities of political advance should study this book; and, in addition to its intrinsic worth and interest, it is an example of the kind of productive scholarship which adds to the sum of American achievement.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BUSINESS?

THE VIEWS OF JOHN G. SHEDD, PRESIDENT OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, OF CHICAGO, AND OF JOHN MITCHELL, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA. SPECIAL INTERVIEWS SECURED BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP FOR THE OUTLOOK

THE VIEWS OF JOHN G. SHEDD

PRESIDENT OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, OF CHICAGO

"I AM holding in my hand a letter from a man I believe to be the best merchant in the United States."

The place was the room of the Finance Committee of the Senate at Washington; the date was 1897, when the Dingley Tariff Bill was before Congress; the speaker was the late Marshall Field, of Chicago, himself commonly regarded as the greatest merchant of his day; and the man to whom he paid so striking a tribute was John Graves Shedd, a junior colleague in his business. Twenty-five years before, Mr. Shedd had entered the dry-goods house of Field, Leiter & Company as an applicant for a chance to show what was in him. The first seventeen years of his life had been passed on a New Hampshire farm, and the next five in stores in various parts of that State, one of which had paid him the magnificent salary of $125 a year wherewith to board and clothe himself.

These last facts I mention because it is so common to hear the views of some well-to-do citizen discredited on the ground of his hereditary membership of the "leisure class," or that, having begun at the top of the ladder, he is out of sympathy with the fellow at the bottom of it. The only bottom-rounder whose attitude baffles Mr. Shedd is the one who stays at the bottom for lack of enough ambition or courage or common sense to climb any higher. Of his opinion of this type he gives us a glimpse in the contrast he draws between the employee who finds fault with things as they are, without taking the first step toward making them permanently better, and the employee who accompanies criticism with suggestion; and his application of this parable to the difference between politics and statesmanship will be recognized as thoroughly characteristic of its author.

Mr. Vanderlip, whose views were set forth in The Outlook of December 9, 1911, is very far from being the pessimist that some of our Wall Street friends have affected to believe him. He has, however, a strong sense of duty not to purchase a prophecy of happiness at the expense of suppressing wise and necessary warnings that there are clouds in the business sky which must be dispelled before we can feel safe in carrying heavy sail. Mr. Shedd's views, as given in the present article, are distinctly optimistic, without being sentimentally roseate. His sturdy assurance of the recuperative power of the country, which breathes through his whole talk, his recognition of the ripeness of the present hour for a splendid advance if we can get a few obstacles out of the way, and his account of what he and his fellow-merchants are doing toward this end in one direction at least, will have a tonic influence on depressed spirits everywhere. His cheerful attitude now is the matured fruit of the hopefulness which was budding in him when he arrived in the Windy City in 1872.

For it must have required large faith in the future possibilities of Chicago, still scarred with the blackened ruins of the previous year's fire, and no little confidence in himself, to bring the home-bred Yankee youth to the point of casting his lot in that gateway to the then inhospitable West. Perhaps it was some such thought which moved Mr. Field, shrewd judge of human nature as he was, to promise him a trial. In less than five months the newcomer was a buyer for the house, and was already displaying both a keen

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instinct for forecasting the fancies of womankind and a positive genius for organizing his subordinates for the highest efficiency of service. Gradually working up through all the managerial positions, on the death of his chief he was made President of Marshall Field & Company. A remark of Mr. Field's to a friend, many years ago, concerning Mr. Shedd—"This young man has never failed in anything that we have given him to undertake"—comes to mind as I recall putting the question, "What's the matter with business?" to the head of the largest mercantile corporation of its class in America.

"What the country is suffering from now," answered Mr. Shedd, after a few minutes' reverie, "is too much politics and too little statesmanship. Politics is always a destructive force, because the one theme with which a demagogue can be sure of catching the ear of the multitude is the rottenness of things as they are and the need of a change. Statesmanship is constructive, because its object is to open a road out of any slough into which the Nation may have fallen, and to build bridges over the crevasses and cut tunnels through the obstructions which lie in the way to safety.

"In a business like ours we constantly have illustrations of this idea on a smaller scale. If we have an employee who criticises the way certain things go in his department, but follows this by showing us how we can better them, we not only have no fault to find with him for his critical attitude, but we mark him for promotion. May the kind powers defend us, though, from the employee who is always complaining but never suggesting! When we drop him out of the concern as a protection of his associates against further exposure to contagion, he goes forth to preach a fresh crusade against the tyranny of capital and its unwillingness to give the poor man a chance!

"There is nothing the matter to-day with the country itself. Our 15,000,000-bale cotton crop is only typical of the way nature has favored us. I have been forty-four years in active business, and in all that period there never was a time when manufacturers and merchants were carrying so little surplus stock as now. The era of liquidation through which we have lately passed has brought us apparently to rock bottom, and every condition is ripe for a splendid forward and upward movement. But this cannot come while the present pall of uncertainty overhangs everything, and the wisest of prophets cannot look a day ahead. I have a strong personal admiration for President Taft, for his upright character, his patriotic purposes, and his judicial ability; his defense of the courts as the bulwark of our liberties has been splendid; but I wish, for his sake and for all our sakes, that he had a definite constructive policy. What the country is looking for now is a great leader, some one who can tell it not only what *not* to do, but what *to* do. Mr. Taft has an opportunity such as has been opened to few men to make a place for himself in history by rising above the great body of his colleagues in public life. Most of them are engaged in pulling things down. Doubtless it would be well that some things which were built wrong in the first place *should* be pulled down and built over; but the building over is as important as the pulling down, and more important at the present stage of our National development.

"In justice to Mr. Taft, it ought to be said that he is more or less the victim of circumstances. The authors of the Constitution gave our President a term of four years; but the people, by a custom which has come to have almost the force of law, have encouraged the idea of two successive terms, so that now a President who does not get a second term feels that he is in some sense discredited. Even if he is tired of public responsibility and would prefer, if left to himself, to retire to the quiet of private life, he cannot refuse to lead his party again if it asks him to, nor can he, out of consideration for his own reputation, ignore entirely the unwritten law of two terms.

"What is the result? Before he has been eighteen months in office, up comes the re-election question, and, consciously or unconsciously to himself, his Administration is more or less deflected thereby from the course it would naturally have followed. With all the efforts at Constitution-tinkering which have been made in the last five years, why has not somebody urged the one change which experience has proved to be really necessary to the National health—a term of six years for the President, coupled with an inhibition on a second term? This would be the greatest safeguard ever devised for both President and country. It would emancipate a conscientious President from all obligation, direct or indirect, to heed the clamors of the crowd; and it would save the whole Nation from its present ceaseless stewing in the pot of par-

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tisan politics, which does more than any other one cause to retard its normal development."

"I take it," said I, "that your objection to the present uncertain conditions have reference largely to the Trust prosecutions?"

"Yes; for it seems to me that less drastic means and less dramatic methods—slower, perhaps, but not ineffective on that account—could have been found for accomplishing the one legitimate end in view. The fathers of this Government formed it, by their own declaration, 'to promote the general welfare.' Does it 'promote the general welfare' to stir up the latent forces which produce commercial earthquakes whereby values are hopelessly unsettled, the public mind is shaken out of its power to do any clear thinking, and every man with a surplus dollar in his pocket is made to feel that he must hide it somewhere lest he be classed with the plunderers of the helpless? There is where the statesman's vision is worth so much more than the politician's, or than that of the executive officer who fulfills the letter of his duty without regard to its broader aspects. Punish lawbreakers? Yes! Punish innocent persons whom the lawbreakers have drawn into their net? No! I recall an instance in point right here in Chicago, where the six per cent securities of a certain corporation with a public side to it were for several years so highly regarded that their market price rose to 200 or more, and widows, orphans, the trustees of estates, all bought them without question. Presently it was noised about that the management had been breaking the law, the local prosecuting authorities awoke to sudden activity and carried the matter into court, and a complete reorganization was the result. That was all right, of course, from the abstract economic point of view; but what of the sufferings of the innocent investors in the old company, whose incomes, through no conscious fault of their own, were suddenly reduced to trifling proportions, and whose securities, if they needed to dispose of them this morning, would hardly bring one-tenth of what they paid for them in good faith? I know that the common argument is that these investors bought at their own risk; but a broad view of the whole situation would have suggested that the local authorities were, by their long neglect of action or warnings, responsible in a measure for what had occurred, and that in the cleaning-up process some consideration ought to have been shown to the interests of investors who were not consciously parties to the wrong-doing which the powers that be had tacitly permitted.

"What happened here is happening now on a larger scale all over the United States, where a whole business is broken up because one feature or another has been unlawfully conducted. Why not require the elimination of the unlawful features on some basis which will leave the integrity of the rest undisturbed, and shield from misfortune thousands of citizens with whom thrift is a virtue? It should be the aim of Government to encourage, not discourage, honest accumulation and investment among the people. When general confidence prevails, the money of the people, as soon as received in the course of business, goes back into business again to keep the wheels moving; and business is not only the handmaid but the partner of Government. When business thrives, the Government is prosperous. When business declines, the Government is prompt to feel the effect."

"As an active promoter of the campaign for a better banking system, I assume that you feel that the present situation in business is to some extent connected with our lack of proper credit facilities?"

"I do. The monetary and credit system of our country is like the house into which you put your machinery: it makes no difference how well adjusted the machines may be if the house is so unstable that the roof falls in or the walls topple down as soon as the machinery is speeded up. A sound and stable monetary and credit organization is a fundamental requisite of all successful business. Instability means distrust, falling off of orders, bad collections, diminished production, and loss of employment for workingmen.

"On every side we hear criticism of the inelasticity of our currency system; a more forcible complaint might be made of the inelasticity of our credit system, for it is in his character as a borrower that the business man chiefly feels the pinch of our insufficient banking laws. Goods are bought and sold on short-time credits, and banks are relied upon to carry these credits for an enormous volume of exchanges. A stoppage of bank loans is therefore a vital matter to business; yet when repeated drafts on their reserves have reduced the power of the banks to lend, customers who have even the best of paper to offer find themselves unable to get cash for it. Such a condition is intolerable. It is a crime against the merchant, the producer, and the workingman.

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"Thoughtful business men are beginning to agree that some organization like a National reserve association would cure the particular evil which afflicts our banking system, because it would avoid the needless grasping for lawful money reserves. Now, as soon as a cloud appears in the financial sky, individual banks run to cover in selfish efforts to hold or increase their reserves. They can do this only by refusing to carry their customers and by liquidating their loans and deposits. That is, when the system is put to a real test it breaks down. As a consequence, the small merchant or borrower—the man without a 'pull'—is the one who suffers most. The possessor of large resources can take care of himself better."

"How can this condition be improved by the National reserve association?"

"The association is a co-operative agency in which the banks unite for common protection in time of pressure. That is, the individual banks form associations, much after the fashion of clearing-house associations; these are grouped into districts, and the districts federated into a general board. This union of all the banks stands ready, with its combined reserves, to help any individual bank which, in time of need, wishes to answer requests from good borrowers. In other words, the co-operative agency will rediscount for any of its banks, at a uniform rate, good short-time commercial paper. The proceeds of such a loan, in the form either of notes of the association or a credit on its books, can be used by the borrowing bank to fill up its reserves. The threatened point will be supported; there will be no stoppage of loans if the paper offered is good, and the inelasticity of our credit system will thus be remedied. The standing of a bank need no longer be judged by its quantity of cash reserves. It will be known to all that it is to be judged by the quality of the paper it has discounted; that any bank with good assets need never fail; and that no merchant in good standing, offering paper based on exchanges of staple goods, need fail because of inability to obtain means for paying his maturing obligations. Here is the common sense of banking reform. The merchants of the country believe some such system is needed now. They are for it, not because they think it is in the interest of the bankers, but because it is in the interest of the great body of legitimate borrowers, occupied in producing and exchanging the articles of daily consumption."

"I have heard doubts expressed whether even a system essentially as good as this might not fall under the domination of some ambitious political or financial control. Is there any way of insuring it against such a possibility?"

"I think so. Of course the management should be free from politics in every respect; so the executive officers should not be appointed by any political functionary or be subject to confirmation by any political body. In the plans now before the public, the local associations of banks have the initiative in selecting directors on the principle of local self-government; and it seems to me that a directorate made up of men chosen from local and district associations would be representative of both the honesty and the expert business knowledge of the country.

"Again, please note that rediscounts by the National reserve association are allowed primarily only on short-time commercial paper created in the natural course of exchanging goods; and that loans based on collateral like stocks and bonds, bought and sold on stock exchanges, are discriminated against. Therefore, even assuming that the big interests wished to, and could, get control, what could they do with it? Carrying of securities by syndicates in promotion schemes would be impossible. So would loans for carrying stocks on margins. Thus there would be no object in trying to get control for these purposes."

"But might not certain powerful banks, or holding companies, try to build up chains of subsidiary banks, ready to obey their bidding and favor special borrowers, as we are told is done now?"

"I suppose you have in mind what is sometimes described as a Money Trust? There is little doubt that some sort of feudalism exists to-day in the banking world, involving a degree of subjection of the smaller banks to the larger ones. Why? Because, in times of stress, the country bank must depend on the will of a strong correspondent in order to get funds. Now, our plan provides a simple means by which the local bank can be released from such constraint, can go by right and not by favor to its branch of the National reserve association, and, if it has good bankable paper, can obtain its funds in a normal and regular way. The disposition of human nature to free itself from dependence may be trusted to send the local banks to the National association, and there would

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remain no longer any reason why the large institution should be able to dominate the action of the small institution. Moreover, if such domination were still feared through one company's owning shares in several banks, it would not be difficult, in the election of directors, to reduce by law the voting power of any bank by the amount of the interest held in more than one bank by any person or corporation concerned."

"I assume that you have applied your proposed system, in imagination, to incidents within your experience, to see how it would fit them?"

"No one who went through what I did in the fall of 1907 could help it. On the morning of the 20th of October—I am pretty sure that was the date—I found my table strewn with telegrams from merchants in smaller places, and the morning shower was followed by personal visits from others, all appealing for help in the crisis they were facing. They were not insolvent; indeed, one country merchant I have now in mind was worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. But that made no difference. Financially sound as they might be, and offering excellent commercial paper for discount, their home banks would not advance them the money to meet their most pressing obligations. It took very brisk work and no slight risk to fix up the affairs of these men so that they could worry through in some way. If we had had a National reserve association in existence then, the banks which had refused loans on satisfactory security, only because they dared not further imperil their reserves, would have extended the credits of their good customers on good paper, and the association would have rediscounted this paper, and thus tided over a dangerous interval.

"For every reason I feel sure that fair-minded business men are going to examine our plan on its merits, and not let themselves be led away by any specious suggestion regarding possible illegitimate control. This is no time for mere trivial objections. Of volubility we have had enough; let us have more stability."

THE VIEWS OF JOHN MITCHELL

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

ONLY those of us who have watched the career of John Mitchell between the day when, as a fatherless boy of thirteen, he shouldered the responsibilities of a family wage-earner at the mouth of an Illinois coal-shaft, and the day when he voluntarily retired from the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America, realize how much his fellow-countrymen owe to his patriotism, his self-poise, and his courage. A stalwart champion of organized labor, who believes in limiting strikes to those emergencies in which the cause of the strikers is unquestionably just and in which every milder remedy has been tried in vain, who discredits "sympathetic" strikes as "bad business" and denounces violence always, and, above all, who is not afraid to voice his opinions to the faces of his followers, is indeed a rarity in these times. It is not wonderful that such a man, when discovered, draws to himself the confidence of the intelligent element among his colleagues and the respect of even those members of the community who do not share all his views.

It was John Mitchell who, in 1902, saved the country from an appalling disaster by his firm stand against a sympathetic strike by the bituminous coal-miners in the midst of the struggle in the anthracite field. His attitude then, as on other occasions when any appeal to reason was regarded as class treachery by the demagogues who were trying to inflame the passions of the mob, cost him some life-long enmities; but they also saved his self-respect and won for him the admiration of many outside of the labor circle—an admiration which has not been shaken even by his recent experience of judicial discipline.

This was the man of whom, in the office of the National Civic Federation, I inquired:

"Looking at the question from the point of view of the wage-earner, to what do you attribute the present condition of business?"

"Among the wage-earners there is always a good deal of unrest. This is inevitable, because they are all aspiring to higher standards of living and better conditions of work. But just now there is more than the normal degree of unrest, due to the uncertainties of the situation generally and to the decisions of the United States Supreme Court making

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the Sherman Anti-Trust Law applicable to organized labor. This decision was reached not very long ago in the case of the Danbury hatters, which attracted wide attention at the time. The courts, too, have taken what seem to us extreme ground in upholding the use of the injunction to prevent organized labor from doing things which are perfectly lawful in themselves."

"Such as what, for instance?"

"Peaceful picketing, persuading men to join in strikes, and the like. They have done a great deal, also, to suppress free speech, on the theory that it was liable to provoke or prolong disorder.

"Organized labor feels that it is, or ought to be, exempt from the operation of laws designed only to prevent monopoly in trade. It has nothing to sell except itself; and it can't possibly monopolize its market, because the supply of human muscle and energy is practically inexhaustible, and the necessity of feeding so many mouths a day is very effective in keeping wages down below a just level. So the application to organized labor of the same laws that are applied to the industrial trusts seems like an unfair discrimination against the labor organizations and the other unoffending elements in the community.

"Again, an unusual number of workingmen are out of employment just now. The latest returns in this State show, I believe, that twenty-five per cent of the members of labor organizations are idle; and it is probable that the percentage is a good deal larger among unorganized workers. This is commonly the case, because the members of organizations hunt jobs for each other, whereas the unorganized workers have no aid of that sort to fall back upon. All this unemployment makes for an uneasy feeling among the workers. Just as we see the merchant hesitating to stock up with goods until he knows what tariff he will have to reckon with, and the corporation manager holding back from new undertakings till he can be sure whether or not his business is being conducted in conformity with the law, so the workingman, who has nothing but his earnings from day to day to carry him along, is laying aside his money instead of spending it. He has only these savings to depend upon in case he loses his job, and he cannot guess what the coming year may bring forth.

"Not a little of his uneasiness arises from the steady increase in the cost of living. In some of the trades wages have kept pace with this increase, and in a few they have run a little ahead of it; but, taking labor as a whole, the rise in wages has not been by any means commensurate with the rise in the prices of the necessaries of subsistence. So the prudent worker is retrenching as closely as possible, and this in its turn means a reduction in the income of the dealers with whom he habitually trades, adding that much to the sum total of the common discomfort.

"The objection of organized labor to the Sherman Law is not confined, however, to the fact that this has been construed to the injury of the labor organizations; the law itself is a mistake. Organized labor has no objection to combinations of capital; it believes that freedom to combine is as truly a right of capital as of labor. The only proper function of the law in connection with the trusts is to regulate them, to keep their great power under such reasonable restraint as to prevent their oppressing the public or using unfair means to ruin their competitors in trade. They ought not only to be allowed to work as freely as is compatible with the protection of the rights of others, but to be encouraged in reaching out into new enterprises, and to make liberal profits on their invested capital. That is only the fair reward of ingenuity and grit."

"How would you attain this end?"

"The Sherman Law ought to be amended so as to define clearly what a corporation may and what it may not do. Then every business man would know where he stands. The severest kind of a law, if it were so definite that its meaning could be understood and applied by reading it, would be more acceptable than a liberal law which can't be interpreted except through a suit in a court. What the business world wants is something plain and stable, by which it can measure its own acts and see whether or not they conform. It is pretty hard to threaten men with penalties if they break a certain law, and yet leave the law so indefinite that they never know whether they are breaking it or not."

"The indefiniteness complained of in the Sherman Law, however, seems to have been intentional on the part of the framers of the statute. What they wished to avoid was so close a definition of the punishable acts as would enable a shrewd wrong-doer to squirm through the meshes of the law by pleading that he had kept technically just outside of the prohibited list. Was not that the reason they used only broad terms whose meanings

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were recognized in the common law, and left the rest to the courts to settle as cases came up?"

"I dare say. But if it be impracticable to amend the law so as to make it more definite in terms, why should we not substitute for it another statute—replace the present prohibitory law with one that would restrain the great combinations without crushing them? Such restraint might be exercised through some suitable authority—perhaps a commission which should do for the industries generally what the Inter-State Commerce Commission does now for the railroads."

"Complaint is made by railroad managers that, between the severely restrictive laws governing inter-State commerce and the rulings of the Commission, they are having a hard time, largely owing to the fact that no discrimination is made between different parts of the country, the same rule being applied to a road in Massachusetts and in Montana, regardless of the difference between railroading conditions in widely separated parts of the country. Is there any way, in your judgment, for overcoming a like difficulty in case you had a commission to regulate corporate combinations?"

"It seems to me that the regulations framed by such a commission could be made elastic enough to adapt themselves to any really serious diversities of condition, and that the discretion vested in the commission might be made broad enough to enable it to administer the law with substantial justice to all concerned. In the labor organization to which I belong, that of the coal-miners, we take full account of such matters. In our wage scales, for instance, we distinguish between the mines close to market and those at a distance from it. The cost of transportation plays so important a part in the coal business that we reckon with it in fixing the rate of compensation for our men; and, other conditions being equal, the owners of a mine five hundred miles from market have to pay to their workers proportionately less in the tonnage price than the owners of a mine only fifty miles from market."

"That suggests another question: What authority would you give your commission over the rate of wages to be paid by any corporation?"

"Well, there you touch quite a different matter, which would require separate consideration. I used our wage scales just now only as an illustration by parallel, and not by way of suggesting that the commission would have any hand in regulating wages. I should think, though, that it would be entirely proper for the commission, when looking into such questions as whether a corporation was dealing fairly with the public in charging certain prices for its products, or whether it was making more than reasonable profits, to take cognizance of the wages it pays, the hours of labor it exacts of its employees, and so forth. Indeed, these would be essential factors in reaching a fair conclusion. But I don't know about putting the adjustment of wage scales into the hands of the commission. Those are things which, in order to be satisfactory, always must be settled between the parties, and the interests on both sides are so concentrated as to make only direct negotiation practicable."

MARINERS

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Smiling, we comrades sought the outer sea,
Amid the wild confusion of the waves
Leaping ghost-white toward a sailing moon;
And many harbors made that silently
Dropped from our sight again. Dim ocean caves
Filled our tranced ears with the long roaring rune
Of perished ships. Enchanted, we sailed far,
But turned at last unto the homeward star,
Save one, a comrade who with joy descried
A port in every sunset glory dyed. . . .
That port received him. Now the oceans vast
Seem like a weary prison of the past
To us, his brothers dreaming that he rests
But to fare forth again on boundless quests.

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SINGABLE OPERA

BY FELIX WEINGARTNER

If one were to name the three or four greatest conductors living, it is certain that on the list would appear the name of Felix Weingartner. Unlike other arts, music is virtually dependent upon the interpretative artist. A few people can read an orchestral score as one reads a play; but even they, exceptional as they are, do not get from it what they do after they have heard it played by an orchestra as it was meant to be. A great orchestral conductor, like any other performer, when he interprets a work, creates that work anew. Felix Weingartner is such a creative interpreter. No one who has listened to a concert given under his direction would deny that fact. He has been experienced as a conductor not only of orchestral concerts, but also of opera. He has conducted opera at both Berlin and Vienna; and his operatic conducting has been as distinguished as his leadership of orchestral works. The article here printed, which has been translated especially for The Outlook, is therefore an authoritative statement.

Weingartner is not only a great conductor, but also a discriminating writer upon music. His best-known book is a compact volume entitled "The Symphony since Beethoven." In that work he expresses his sympathy with the spirit of those modern composers who have been exploring new territory in the realm of music; but he has shown also his open-mindedness by acknowledging that with time he has come to a new appreciation of the classical spirit of such a composer as Brahms, which preserves the beauty that is to be found in proportion and form.

Not only as conductor and critic is Felix Weingartner known, but also as a composer of distinction. His "Third Symphony" was given week before last for the first time in America by the Philharmonic Orchestra in New York under Josef Stransky. This symphony illustrates Weingartner's sympathy with both the spirit of the originator and the spirit of the classicist. In its harmonic characteristics this symphony is as daring as any work by Debussy or d'Indy, and far more interesting than the much-advertised works of Richard Strauss. On the other hand, in its structure it shows as much care for form, for balance and proportion, for coherence, for what may be called the architectural in music, as the work of any classical writer. As the hearer listens to dissonance piled on dissonance, he feels as if he were in a musical laboratory where interesting and sometimes beautiful experiments were under way; but he never once has the feeling, which he often has in hearing the works of many modern composers, that Weingartner has lost his grip upon his themes or forgotten what he has undertaken to say.

It has been announced that Weingartner is to visit this country this season and give a series of concerts in a number of cities with an orchestra that will come with him from Europe. Music-lovers in America will welcome this chance of hearing once more this great conductor's performances.

The reader of the following article should remember that opera has had a long history. It is practically as old as the spoken drama. In fact, opera may be said to be drama in which music is used for the purpose of investing the spoken word with greater emotional power. In the course of years it became crystallized into a hard and fast form, having little or no dramatic significance. The nineteenth century saw a revolt against this slavery to the artificial; and in this revolt, as every one knows, the chief figure was Wagner. Since Wagner's time the other extreme has been practically reached, until orchestra and voice have been forced into contortions that can hardly be called musical. What next? Mr. Weingartner's article is an answer to that question.—THE EDITORS.

IT is never wise to indulge in prophecy. Suppositions which seem to be based on faultless reasoning, clever combinations which seem to point to a definite issue, can all be scattered to the four winds of heaven by a single unexpected deed.

Is it possible to predict when and where a genius will appear in the operatic field?

Can we say what point will have been reached in operatic evolution by the time his powers begin to mature?

Or what will be the particular "tendency" taken by such a genius?

To all these questions a negative answer is the only one possible.

One thing, and only one, may be assumed with safety, and that is, that when this genius comes he will be morally certain to do precisely that of which the so-called majority disapproves. To stand opposed to the masses has ever been considered the privilege and the incontestable badge of genius; but one is

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not therefore justified in formulating as a theory that mere opposition to conventional lines of thought is sufficient to constitute genius.

Without committing ourselves by idle prophecy, it is better to approach the question of the opera of the future by comparing past and present conditions, and deducing from them a certain logical line of development.

The earlier opera is dead! This is the general opinion; but, personally, I believe that it is only in a trance. Why do I believe this? Because it is not possible for operatic production to continue along its present lines. The best musical instrument, the human voice, has been forced into an entirely unnatural and artificial situation. When a general recognition of this fact becomes clear, and when the world at large realizes that it will be possible to speak of an operatic art only when it again becomes the fashion to *sing*, and to sing *beautifully*—then the desire for the renaissance of an art form which grows out of the essential character of the human voice will come of itself. And, as a rule, the desire is followed by the deed. Is this need not already felt? Otherwise, how are we to explain the fact that Puccini has gained the upper hand and keeps it? His music can be *sung;* and, in spite of all the counter-influences, public taste is not yet so hopelessly spoiled as not to prefer beautiful singing. If it should come to pass that in this direction higher values should appear than Puccini is able to give, then we shall have a renaissance of the old opera, and in such a case we should be called upon to decide the question as to whether we had not advanced rather than retrograded.

But Wagner! Wagner! It seems to me that I hear this name shouted at me by hundreds (or is it thousands?) who still cling to the idea that our entire salvation came from Wagner; that Wagner "redeemed" us from the old opera, from music as absolute art; redeemed us from something about which the shouters themselves are not quite clear. The fact is that we have not been redeemed by anything or anybody.

The curse of bad operatic performances has not been lifted from us by the appearance and life-work of Wagner; but, on the other hand, there is no other creative artist in whose name such a lot of nonsensical stuff has been written, said, and done. Therefore let us, once for all, dismiss from our minds this empty and *passé* idea of "redemption," which at one time exercised such a pernicious influence upon philosophy, art, and literature. Let us rather endeavor to gain a clear idea of existing conditions.

If we are unbiased, we will be obliged to admit that Wagner's position is still unshaken, in spite of the fact that an opposition party—still proceeding with a certain reserve—is beginning to make itself felt.

On the operatic stage Wagner still reigns with universal supremacy, but in the field of *music*—let us say of *absolute music*—the earlier masters are beginning to assert themselves, and by their strength and beauty are constantly growing more powerful, in spite of the fantastic dream of those who have striven to absorb music into a union of all the arts. To these older masters a musician whom Wagner held in contempt and called the "blond Johannes" has now allied himself. I mean Brahms, the unswerving, who has become one of the chief pillars in the temple of tones, and whose works shine with a clear, refulgent light through the mists of an immature modernism.

And how is it in the realm of the opera, or, if we employ the present-day phraseology, in the realm of the music drama?

Here everything is kaleidoscopic, both in regard to production and reproduction, and no one is able to say what the outcome will be.

We are living in an age of musical experimentation. Our attitude towards the old masters is one of perplexity, for the reason that the classic style which they require has been lost during the Wagnerian phase. As an expedient, attempts at revision are made, in which the zeal of the revisers gets the better of their judgment. The "Magic Flute" is freed from the Masonic symbolism and the scene transferred to Persia, a land whose religious principles are considered less dangerous. A comedy of Calderon's is used as a text for "Cosi Fan Tutte," and, what is still more astonishing, such incredible acts are taken quite seriously. A remodeled "Euryanthe" is announced, to say nothing of the clumsy and irritatingly dilettante treatment which has been given to Weber's gossamer-like fairy tale of "Oberon."

Meyerbeer's operas, which possess sufficient vitality not to have vanished from the modern repertoire, are Wagnerized—that is to say, an attempt is being made to convert the weak texts into music dramas and to fit the music arbitrarily to such alterations.

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But the infinite number of scenic problems, some half solved, some perhaps insolvable; the undue length of the scores, which were never intended for the every-day repertoire; the traditional poses and the *tempi* sanctioned by Bayreuth, must be preserved at any price.

Here one must not see, not think, not listen, not question, but blindly obey. Wagner is the only master who is to be exempt from arbitrary treatment.

And yet has the general public ever quite clearly understood the true significance of Wagner's great idea of the dramatic festival play—one of the most elevated phases of Hellenic culture—and realized his effort to imbue this with the German spirit? By no means!

His great idea did not "draw," and the festival plays were obliged to sink to the *niveau* of ordinary theatrical performances, and then have thrown about them the nimbus of the festival play, before appealing to the masses. In Bayreuth a woman who is a dilettante has won more friends than ever the master himself would have been able to do. The Wagnerian music dramas, so nobly conceived and intended for such a high cultural purpose, have gradually taken the place once occupied by the Meyerbeer operas, and become box-office attractions.

Each year *Festspiele* are pompously announced in the larger and smaller cities, which differ from the ordinary performances only by the participation of a few well-known artists whose exorbitant demands preclude a rehearsal. The result is that the excellence of the *ensemble* is diminished, while in inverse ratio the scale of prices is increased. But every one is contented, and the municipal authorities have attained their purpose, which is to attract a larger number of tourists to their city.

No one disturbs himself about the fact that one of the most beautiful and exalted ideas of a later musical age—viz., the purification of the dramatic art from the dross and sordidness of the every-day world—has been completely lost sight of.

Nor does any one seem to be particularly disturbed because the fine feeling for vocal perfection is growing weaker and weaker.

On the contrary, other qualities are championed as being more vital; and, by many, a beautiful voice, and one which has received a thorough schooling, is regarded as a direct hindrance to the expression of "dramatic gifts"—this latter being the high-sounding title used to cover up absence of voice, lack of musicianship, and the hysterical distortions of the "human form divine" which pass for dramatic instinct.

In the case of the Wagner operas this lack is less distinctly felt, at least by the greater operatic public, which accepts and applauds alike good and bad Wagnerian performances. Here, too, the orchestra mercifully conceals the inadequacies of the artists, but the earlier operas suffer greatly under such conditions, as without a beautiful vocal art and interesting artistic personalities they fail to reach their fullest expression.

It is this which explains the ever-increasing attention which is being given to the stage-setting and accessories. In every art work presented on the stage all factors must work together for a harmonious and artistic *mise-en-scène*, and therefore the setting cannot be disregarded. But if we take an opera well sung and acted with mediocre setting, and the same opera abominably sung and projected, in acting, upon a set of magnificent decorations, there would scarcely be two minds as to the superiority of the former. In spite of its enormous significance, the decorative element must be relegated to a secondary place, and the prominence given to it on the modern operatic stage is greatly exaggerated.

It, in fact, becomes dangerous when the setting is opposed to the style of the work, and when, by its magnificence, it is expected to compensate for the mediocre work of the artists.

To make a performance dependent upon the man who stages it would be like judging of the qualities of a conductor by the name of the tailor who had taken the measure for the coat he wears.

Such ideas are possible only in an *anti*-musical age, and later it will undoubtedly be found necessary to characterize the post-Wagnerian epoch as one antagonistic to the development of the opera. Even Wagner's reformatory ideas must be considered in a certain sense as hostile to this development, because a misunderstood application of his ideal has led to an extended and dangerous crisis. The "programmatic" phase, in which Music paints and poetizes, but dares not sing and sound, as her heart really prompts, is indirectly due to Wagner, who, however, denied his step-child when brought face to face with her.

Music has passed safely through this crisis;

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has come, as it were, to her senses, and is beginning to stand alone again. One hears much at present of new symphonies, but less of "symphonic poems," "tone poems," and symbolisms, or whatever may be the name given to such productions.

To be sure, out of many modern symphonies there still leer at us the "hideous features of those remarkable productions by means of which we were to be "redeemed" from all beauty of form, which is the life-giving element of all art.

But they are at least symphonies, variations, overtures, and quartets, and no longer monstrosities with fantastic titles. On an orchestral score recently submitted to me I read with pleasure the motto: "Neither painting nor literature!" A distinct effort is to be felt for organic structure and development instead of a reveling in impressionistic tone orgies. Absolute music has rescued itself from the clutches of programme music, and a similar process of emancipation must take place in the realm of opera.

Operatic production must free itself from the music drama; and this is to be done, not by ignoring Wagner's reform, but by assimilating the best elements of that reform.

The situation is, however, scarcely analogous, for, while programme music was a malignant growth on the sound, healthy body of the tonal art, the reforms of Gluck, and later of Wagner, quite apart from any question of the personal significance of the two men, were perfectly normal, justifiable, and, above all, imperative.

Wagner's reform was not directed toward the works of the older masters, for which he ever displayed the greatest reverence, and certain of which he intended to have performed in Bayreuth, but rather against that offshoot of the opera which was a heterogeneous mixture of scenic magnificence and vocal virtuosity, and had reduced the dramatic sense to nonsense.

Notwithstanding the fact that these operas contained isolated numbers of great musical value, the tendency, on the whole, was towards a deterioration of the musical art, and a reform was bound to come.

And Wagner was the man to accomplish this heroic deed! We owe much, very much, to him and to his works, but, alas! he is also responsible for the succeeding confusion from which we must take energetic steps to free ourselves if we would not be completely swamped by it.

One party follows Wagner blindly to the point of sheer extravagance; the other is coquetting with the earlier opera, but these composers have not yet found themselves, and are producing works which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

It is the fashion to renounce melody and themes altogether and content one's self with projecting the dramatic action upon an orchestral background of riotous coloring. The machine for "composing" literary productions admits of encompassing the scantiest ideas by the longest score, and all weakness of invention is drowned by the mighty current of modern orchestral technic.

And the composer who best understands how to deflect to his purposes the potent help of modern advertising methods finds himself raised to the position of the greatest prominence.

Just beyond this shifting operatic ground stands a seductive figure which threatens to exercise a peculiar charm upon the present-day nervous and recreation-seeking public—a public which is not able to find satisfaction in the productions of the legitimate stage. This is the operetta.

It is not the works of the genial old Johann Strauss nor the spirited Offenbach that are luring the malcontents from the places dedicated to the higher forms of art, but works constructed wholly with a view to catering to the frivolous instincts of the shallow masses.

In this direction lies a danger against which it behooves us to take a decided stand. Let us endeavor to win the public back to the legitimate stage by writing music which is melodious and *singable*.

Let us remember that the opera—whether it appears under this or that title—is in reality nothing less than a musical art work, notwithstanding the fact that the sister arts play a conspicuous rôle in its construction. If Wagner's reform concerned itself essentially with the poetic idea, the future development of the opera, which has been so widely diverted from its original source, must come through a fresh attempt to revive the spirit of music; not of mere combinations of sounds, which can be construed to possess a certain dramatic significance, but a noble, divine language which reveals to us the highest and fullest beauty of a new heaven and a new earth.

One man, and one only, among the many, rightly understood Wagner, although he very probably never became thoroughly familiar with his work, and that was the old master

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Verdi. In "Othello" and "Falstaff" he created masterpieces of tragic and comic opera of the greatest imaginable purity of form. In no single measure did he lose sight of the dramatic moment, and yet each measure is filled with beautiful music. There are no dead or futile moments in the entire score. Melody is united to the sharpest dramatic expression, and the orchestra is rich and highly colored, and yet ever subordinated to the vocal line. The general opera-going public has no conception of these works, but they signify the first step towards a future of the opera.

BILLIE

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

HARVESTING brought good money that autumn; I came tramping into Costigan with eighty-seven dollars in my trousers pocket, blithe as a boy on his first pay-day. The air had that curious nervous intimacy of gray autumn, something queerly human about it. Lord, how I wanted people!

Alone, with knapsack over shoulder, I had tramped forty miles that day through a shorn country of stubble and ruined corn-fields and wind-spoiled woods, with no companionship save that of autumn's dust keenly eddying, or wild geese honking south in the lonely skies, or the panting far-off freight train whose mogul engine kept releasing smoke like the convolutions of a man's brain. So I exulted in the gray squat streets of Costigan, the shabby mill houses crowding together for social warmth, and the cobbles, the trolley, the pole-strung wires, and the cheap shops of Main Street.

To the habitually moneyless, spending money freely is a gay miracle; the fingering of a few dollars causes genii to spring up bearing in their hands the labors of men and the fruits of earth; strange and selfish trades become transient slaves; it is indeed a kingly joy. Now I hadn't indulged for months, and I was in rags, numb with cold, footsore, and hungry. So I went into Grabie's Emporium, and the boss himself appareled me in winter garments, and I knew that some poor devil had sweated that I might go warm in delightful woolens; Bates, in his shop's twilight, shod me in lustrous, cunningly constructed leather; Nathan, among a glory of haberdashery, stuck a soft hat over my brow and fitted me with gloves that were snug on my fingers; and, last, Costello, the barber, with shining scissors clipped my overgrowth of beard and slapped the wet fragrance of the lily-of-the-valley on my cheeks while I sank at ease in his cushioned chair. All humanity served me through these storekeepers just because I had toiled for a month or so.

Out again in the last of the day, standing attired in fresh clothes, I saw overhead a black snowfall of sparrows blowing south in keen wind, and the bluish street up and down seemed indescribably lonesome with its few electric lights and its tarnished shop-fronts. Then my stomach clamored for supper and my heart for comrades. I could go, of course, to the Railway Young Men's Christian Association; but no, that was too respectable. Despite the power of my pocket, I felt common and cheap, and wanted some human nature *raw*. So, swinging down a couple of blocks, I picked out a low dive, a black-front saloon, labeled

"THE SONS OF SMOKE"

and stepped down into its reeking, gas-lit warmth.

O'Malley himself wiped the shiny table with his white apron and advised me in a hoarse whisper—

"To get wise to a slab of sirloin, cooked crisp and juicy, a platter of French-fried, some creamed cauliflower, and a meaty sweet melon, iced—an' wash it down with Pilsener."

"I give you *carte blanche*, O'Malley," I murmured, admiringly.

"Which, being interpreted, is?"

"Go as far as you like."

He did. I was sleepy with joy at the end, puffing on a quarter cigar. Surely there is a use in getting down to elementals, going ragged, hungry, footsore, for a while. Then life shows its miracles truly. No art could

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have stirred me more than my new clothes, my shave, and my supper. As for eating, is it not a sacrament, our ever-recurring union with nature, with life—that flowing through us which becomes dream, thought, love, deeds?

Full of happy philosophy, puffing smoke in that disreputable back room, with its mirrors, sawdust, low ceiling, gaslight, and a noise of women from a compartment adjoining, I was ripe for people. They came, a rich assortment.

A party of young fellows, big and friendly, crowded all about me—mill-toilers—gayly chaffing, drinking, and smoking. Their rough talk and savage jokes and easy comradery pleased me. When one is among people as cheap and common as one's self, one can relax, sink back, as it were, into the arms of humanity, and know the freedom of carelessness; so I laughed, joked, and drank with the rest. Then they arose, standing with arms nonchalantly resting on each other's shoulders, and all friendly-wise opened their mouths and sang a full-voiced, throbbing song:

"Wherefore do you pine, dears,
Women left at home?".

O'Malley glanced in from the front and nodded approvingly, and I saw the sallow faces of women at the other door. They were desperately agitated, poor souls!

Then I noticed for the first time a man sitting apart sullenly and drinking deep. He reminded me of the old-time Southern gentleman—black hair, black mustache, gray eyes, and splendidly shaped head. His clothes were middle-class, but shoddy. He paid no attention to the song, but gulped big swallows of whisky.

I motioned O'Malley:

"What's that?"

O'Malley looked troubled.

"That's Ludlow—foreman or sumthin' up to the Iron Works. Maybe he's a clerk, though. A great gentleman sober; a low hyena drunk. He's got all female Costigan in love with him—a widower, you know, and wild. Of course I can't refuse him the stuff."

O'Malley was called front; my young men started a game of poker; the air grew dense, the hour late, and fumes of liquor made me in love with the world. I was all for love, and wondered why hitherto there had been so much discord on earth. So I kept smiling at sullen Ludlow till I caught his furtive glance.

He scowled, seized up his whisky bottle in one fist, his glass in the other, and started to lurch toward me.

"Stranger," he said, standing before me with feet spread and fists about glass, "G. Washington's no better'n I. I tell you, G. Washington's no better'n I—nor any man. I'm a gentleman. I was born silver spoon 'mouth. I've fallen low."

He sat down, carefully placed and replaced the bottle and glass on the table, and continued:

"It's a shame they make me work like a common laborer"—he raised his voice—"a common laborer! I won't stand it, Billie or no Billie! I've knocked her down before, sir, and I shall again. I shall again."

"Never mind," I said, amiably; "we're all human, after all."

He pounded the table with his fist.

"Let me see your hand."

I complied easily, and he examined my nails:

"Rotten fingers—rotten, I tell you—ought to be ashamed of yourself. You wouldn't be let into a Bowery dive with them"—he began to sob strangely—"rotten fingers!"

Just then life in that place came to a standstill; the card-players turned, again the women showed in the doorway, and Ludlow looked up, startled. I followed his submissive glance, and felt a queer pang. A little girl, dressed in long tan coat and tan shoes and stockings, no hat on her head, was advancing upon him; she was between eleven and twelve, straight, sturdy, one full braid down the back, her rough hair a goldish tan, and her eyes, which were gray, remarkable in their unflinching directness; her cheek-bones were a bit high, and her cheeks slightly tight about the strong jaw. And, though she was oddly out of place in that dive, her graceful solidity did not permit me to worry about her, and her simplicity and directness showed that she had a recipe for getting through the world on her own two feet.

One might have expected the time-honored

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple's struck one;"

but instead, she stood right up to Ludlow, and her voice was crisp:

"You come out of here, dad, and get home!"

He tried to meet her flashing eyes, and failed.

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"Billie," he muttered, savagely, "I've kicked you before; I will again."

"But you'll come home first!" she snapped.

"Good work, kid!" cried one of the big card-players.

"I'll count three—" she warned.

I tapped Ludlow on the shoulder.

"Better go, old man."

"I'm a gentleman, sir," he began.

"I know," I said, rising, and my brain began to clear. "Come on, my girl, we'll help him home."

"I'll kick—" he was beginning, but suddenly she whispered in his ear in a strange voice full of warning and hate:

"*Dad, if you don't come now, I'll never have anything more to do with you!*"

He was plainly frightened, staggered upward, and Billie and I got him out with the warm applause of the roomful. It was hard work up the dark, blue-spotted street and over a long bridge, beneath which the tide lashed angrily. We saw a mile up the glow of some mill flashing over the water, and a cleansing wind blew us together.

Now and then a little phrase from the girl hinted of a hard anger against her father that amazed me.

"Keep going!" she would snap. "Stand up! Dad, stop this leaning on me!"

He kept rumbling.

"Catcher yet; see if I don't!"

We dragged him up the hilly street, and then down a shabby side street, found the dark house, poor, mean, with shining kitchen window. The three of us lurched bodily against the door, and as the lamp blew dim I saw a scurry of mice over the warped floor.

"There!" snapped Billie; "you'll be snoring soon enough!"

He sank, cursing, on a corner chair, and while I stood mopping off the sudden sweat and glancing at the snug, clean kitchen, with its warm stove and cheap furniture, Billie flew out of the room and I heard her flying steps on the stairs. Then in the silence Ludlow's head dropped on his chest and he began to snore, and subtly the rhythm of a sleepy house began to wave through me—delicious comfort, security, warmth, like the purring of a cat. Billie reappeared. I liked the proud, straight swing of her body on her firm legs.

For the first time she seemed to realize that I was there, and the change that came to her face was dramatic—hatred fled before girlish loveliness. Out went her hand:

"I hadn't time to say thanks; so, *thanks!*"

"No," I laughed; "I sha'n't leave you alone with him. Can't I curl up in the other corner?"

She stood, gazing at me with a girl's candor, and yet dreaming. All the sadness of a darkened childhood came upon her.

"Billie," I pleaded, "I may—may I not?"

She gave me her heart through her eyes with the most exquisite candor, but she smiled doubtfully. Then I leaned and spoke man to woman:

"See, here! I've tramped forty miles to-day; I'm dead. I'm looking up a boarding-house; I'm just dust through and through."

Her eyes widened, her lips parted, and she seemed to change straightway into a woman, melting with mothering pity.

"You'll have to stay, of course—and I guess you ought to have a hot bath."

That thrilled me.

"Bless you, Billie, no. All I need is a basin."

Her lips quivered bitterly.

"We didn't always use to live this way—not till my mother died. It's all dad's drinking."

She was at the edge of tears, and I saw that it was a matter of household pride—ancient usage with the guest.

So what could I do but help her heave on to the stove a large wash-boiler, while she stuffed the stove with her street-gathered kindling? The bath-room was a mere shed attached to the house, the tub tin, but no one since the days when my mother took me as a tot and bathed and tucked me in bed ever made a hot bath more of a blessing than did Billie, flying to and fro, testing the water, loaning me towel and her father's bath-robe.

When I emerged at last in slippers and bathrobe, feeling tender, serene, and purified, she was sitting at the table, thinking, cheek on hand—her face fairly tragic with hate. But hearing me, she leaped up, smiling.

"Billie," I said, "I'm starting life all over again."

She laughed softly; then turned toward the drunken sleeper and spoke with quivering harshness:

"I suppose we may as well leave him here. I'll lower the light."

The upper floor was divided into four attic rooms, and the air was chill. My room was

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utterly bare, save for an old rocker and a cot in the corner. I followed Billie to the door.

"Billie," I murmured, "good-night. Call if you want anything."

Then her voice came quavering through the darkness, the voice of a little child:

"Oh, I'm glad, *glad* you're here—I—I was so scared."

Fear and hate at twelve! I turned in; I blew out the light; I crept into the cool, sweet bed, and drew the covers warm; I felt strangely that I was in a house of tragic issues; my heart went out to the sturdy little fighter—but then the outdoor day had its effect—all my being floated off into the starry spaciousness of sleep.

The low room was swamped in blackness when I awoke to the sound of little children screaming, of a weapon beating on a door, and an animal roaring:

"Let me in. I'm going to cut your hearts out."

What I did was purely mechanical. I slipped out of bed and into the hall, and as I went, in some remote part of my brain, I heard the clear, low voice of Billie:

"Walter! Winnie! be still! I won't let him hurt you!"

I must have seen, too, the gleam of light in the cracks, but, quite without thinking or seeing, I grappled with the drunken man, pulled him to the floor, and searched and found the long carving-knife. He roared horribly, filth and oaths and threats and shrieks.

Then I found that I could not command my voice, and that my knees were trembling.

"Billie—" I gasped. "I've got him—open the door."

The children became quiet, and I heard the slow moving of some heavy piece of furniture. "Barricaded!" I thought. "A trunk—so she expected this."

Then the door opened, and Billie appeared in her long white nightgown—in what light there was I saw her pale face, and her voice came hot with anger and shame—but not at her father—at me!

"I didn't *want* you to come. Why did you have to wake up?"

Then I understood—she was ashamed that any one should witness the infamy of her father's degradation. She began to sob heartbrokenly, and Ludlow too was crying under my hands.

"How did this happen?" I asked.

"He—he woke up and got out. Oh, I knew it, I knew it!"

"And he does this every time?"

"When I don't get him early enough."

"But how did he get this knife?"

"I don't know. I always go through the house and gather everything. I've got the ax and revolver in my room."

Suddenly I felt like choking the life out of this drunken brute. The children were whimpering in the bedroom, and Billie began to cry wildly:

"What will become of them?" she sobbed. "The superintendent said the next time it happened he'd lose his job—oh, what will ever become of them? I'll never forgive him, never, never!"

I turned on her almost fiercely.

"Billie," I said, "you go straight to bed. I'm going to tend to your father.

She went, like a scolded child. I lugged him on to my cot and held him till he slept. Then I lit the lamp and sat down on the rocker in the bathrobe. Now and then I dozed. But dawn was not far off.

Morning was brilliant with sunshine when I awoke; wind was stirring trees outside the window, and fresh gusts blew into the room. I seemed to emerge from some dreadful nightmare, but Ludlow was still lying there, with handsome face discolored and snoring heavily. I slipped on my clothes and stole downstairs. And then the glory of the brisk autumn morning was revealed. Sunlight flooded the kitchen, shining on every bit of glass and tin, and in the warmth and glow tiny Walter sat in his nightie on a kitchen chair, his bare feet hanging, and Billie knelt and dressed Winnie. I exulted in the sight, felt like hugging all three.

"Hello there!" I shouted.

Billie sent me a sparkling smile—we were good friends again.

"Well and good!" I yelped. "Here goes!"

I stooped and kissed her, then kissed Winnie, then kissed Walter. Billie laughed ashamedly.

And then came fun. I pitched in and helped; we had breakfast, we bundled the children off to Mrs. Mason, a wise-hearted neighbor, we washed dishes, "did" the rooms—and all the while Billie and I became great chums.

"I wish you'd be our hired girl, Uncle Thad," she laughed.

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So she let me go marketing with her. She went upstairs first, and locked her sleeping father in his room, and when she came down I saw again on her face a startling frigidity of hate.

"He'll sleep?" I asked.

"Yes," she breathed low—"but it doesn't matter—he's lost his job. I'm done with him."

It seemed unbelievable that this bud of loveliness had bitter roots. But the marketing in the fresh sunlight revived her—absorbing her as it absorbed me. Rough beauty was in the butcher-shop, with its rich reds, its slabs of meat, its clean smell, and the strong butcher, aproned, pencil over ear, deft with knives and saw, beautifully trimming off fat, or chopping off bones, or slicing raw beef—and satisfied, knowing that his work was good. He and his busy customers, including Billie, seemed on the *inside* of Life; I watched them from the *outside;* they shared the great secret.

And I noticed that Grabie's store showed the autumn as vividly as the reddened woodlands; for in place of flimsy summer whiteness there were the heavy woolen grays, browns, and blacks of a colder season. Surely the trade of a man has its romance.

So we went the rounds, but as we started to trudge home I saw that all at once the brightness of the morning fell from Billie: she felt how tired she was, how despairing—it was as if her home was a prison to which she was returning.

I spoke softly:

"You don't want to go back, do you?"

She broke down then.

"Oh," she cried, "I—I want to take the children and run off somewhere."

"Where?"

"Anywhere!"

She grew morbid and nervous then, and I searched about for some distraction.

"Billie," I exclaimed, "let's go to moving-pictures this afternoon. Ever been?"

She was interested. No, she hadn't been. Her life had been simply knitted in with the darkened house, the drunken father, the helpless children.

So we went that afternoon—passing through the dirty gilded plaster front into warm, red-lit darkness—and Billie trembled at my side, a child breaking into the secret chambers of the heart's mystery. But it was more wonderful than she knew. The audience was of calloused laborers out of work and of the misshapen women of the mill town; Slavs and Italians, Germans and native-born—babies, too, who when they whimpered were fed at the mother's breast. And it was the most modern of miracles: the drudges of the kitchen and the sweated cogs of the mills, the undermost of people, who through all ages have been denied beauty and art and vivid careless joy, merged here their narrow lives with the broadcast splendor of the world. The great outdoors came into this narrow room, with spacious prairie and breaking sea; beauty came in the shapes of men and women making love; adventure brought its rough riders, its miners and sailors; and a girdle was put about the earth in thirty minutes. This was art democratic; this gave back to the people their withheld heritage of the rich ages; and who could doubt that the starved hearts of men and women were fed? For I heard the laughter and the weeping and the naïve exclamations that showed that these watchers had become the actors.

It was so with Billie, wonderfully so. She was a child among children.

"Oh, Uncle Thad," she exclaimed, "do you think those soldiers will come in time?"

"Yes, I think so," I said.

She clapped her hands when they did—and I knew then that she was entering into a new life, that now the magic casements had been opened for her, that at the turn of a key she could leave children and father and the harsh problems of life and escape into enchanted regions of the spirit. At one stroke she regained childhood.

And swiftly then came a film that wrought on her profoundly—a deserter husband returning to his wife, and met, of course, with the divine forgiveness of the woman. Billie's hand went trembling into mine, and the cleansing tears fell.

"Oh," she whispered, "had she ought to have forgiven him?"

"Why not, Billie?"

"Dad!" she sobbed; "poor dad!"

A strange tremor invaded my heart—the promise of wonderful things—and out we went into the darkening day and the dim lights of Costigan.

At six-thirty she unlocked the door and let her father out. He came silently and followed us down to the warm, lamp-lit kitchen. I saw then that his face was haggard, and that he was sick and abased and contrite. He sat down at the table, bowed his head on his hand, and eyed his plate.

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Billie set a cup of hot tea before him.

"Here," she said softly, "drink this."

He gave her one terrible glance of remorse, but she set her lips desperately, and went trembling to the stove.

We had our meal in perfect silence; but after it Billie spoke commandingly:

"Go up to bed now, dad."

He arose feebly, turned at the door and glanced at her again, and again she trembled—but no more was said, and we heard him fumbling his way up.

However, the next morning I found Billie very white-faced and desperate. She had on her tan coat, and the children were already gone.

"Uncle Thad!" she cried.

"Yes, Billie."

"I—I'm going over to the mill."

I looked at her, my pulses quickening.

"Am I to go along?"

"Yes—*please.*"

Out we went, both tense and hushed, an undercurrent of struggle tugging us; out and over the bridge and along the riverside until we came to Costigan's living heart—a red-and-black heart naked to the open air, and smoking and roaring with its whirl of humanity and machinery—the iron-mills on which Costigan lived. Over the railway switches we went to a little outbuilding of red brick. In the hall a boy stopped us.

"You'll have to wait. Mr. Ward is busy."

So we sat down, the thunder of the mills rolling through the air, and I saw that Billie was dreadfully nervous and afraid. She looked very small, very pale.

After a heart-sinking interval the boy motioned us in. I pressed Billie's hand and she preceded me. In the plain room and at a flat oak desk sat the superintendent—a determined-looking man of about thirty-five, with brown mustache and clear brown eyes. He indicated the chairs, and we sat down.

"Yes?" he questioned.

Billie tried hard to speak bravely—but her voice shook.

"I—I'm Mr. Ludlow's daughter."

Ward pursed his lips, drew down his forehead.

"I'm sorry—there's nothing to do about Mr. Ludlow. I've been more than generous with him."

She met his glance.

"But—*it was my fault.*"

He stared at her.

"*Your* fault?"

"Yes," she said in a lovely eager way, "I brought him home from the saloon and I should have stayed up and watched him, but I went to bed, and he got out again."

He looked at her, amazed.

"*You* did? Where's your mother?"

"She's dead."

"Are you the head of the house?"

"Yes."

"And there are some more children?"

"Two little ones."

Ward turned to me:

"Isn't that man a brute?"

Billie spoke tremulously:

"He's only a little child, Mr. Ward—really, he's only a little child!"

He looked at her helplessly, a queer smile on his lips.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—if your father will go and live with one of our men—I'll pick out a straight one for him, some one who will lock him in or follow him around—and if you will go and board somewhere—but really," he looked at me despairingly, "what's the use?"

"Oh," cried Billie, "the children and I will board with Mrs. Mason—she wants us to—and dad can."

She got no further, but doubled up, with long coarse sobs.

Ward himself lifted her and kissed her, and sped us on our way.

All along the riverside, her arm through mine, she wept at my side, a heartbroken child, and I longed to carry her off to some new country and away from it all. We crossed the bridge, turned up the street, entered the kitchen. Ludlow was sitting listlessly at the table.

Billie confronted him, her fists to her eyes.

"Dad," she said, "you're to go back to work—we saw Mr. Ward."

He gave one fierce cry of agony, and sat shaking all over.

"*Billie—Billie!*"

"Dad, my dad!"

And she flung her arms about him, and I went upstairs and got my knapsack.

When I came down, he had her on his lap—and her smile sparkled through her tears.

"But, Uncle Thad," she cried, leaping up, "you won't *leave* me?"

Ten minutes later we stood together outside the door. I took her hand.

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"It's *your* fault!" she laughed through strange tears.

"Mine, dear?"

"Yes—that—that moving picture."

The dreadful moment came: I looked through the liquid gray eyes into the soul of a girl and a woman.

"Good-by, my girl."

"Good-by, Uncle Thad."

I leaned my cheek.

"I want pay for my work."

But sharply she seized my head, turned it, and kissed me straight, and for a moment she clung to me.

Wild autumn dogged me again with dust and leaves and homing birds, and again I was a mere tramp, again I was alone in the world—and again it seemed to me that I had to leave a bit of my bleeding heart behind, every time I went on—but my soul was richer, nevertheless, for Billie had been added unto it.

HOW I BOUGHT MY FARM

BY MARY RANKIN CRANSTON

I HAD been a New York librarian for six years when the country life microbe found access to my brain, entered in, and took possession. Whether the germ was in the air and chose me as a likely subject, whether it was the call of Mother Nature, which comes to almost every person at one time or another, I do not know. Certainly nothing in my experience had paved the way to a longing for the country, because I had never spent more than a few weeks there in my life. Perhaps the little visitor found lodgment because I had begun to realize that I was wearing my life out, day by day, and working toward nothing, as so many business women do. Success had come to me; yes, but at such a price! Each advance in salary or position had brought corresponding responsibilities. The exacting obligations of business that made me Jenny-on-the-Spot from nine to five left me a lump of flesh and bones from five to nine. Nerves that were beginning to jangle out of tune sounded a warning note for the future. What preparation was I making for the time when I could work no longer; what plans for a home when I should be sorely in need of one?

I began to long for a quiet spot far away from the city's noise and strain—a place I could call my own—a little corner of the earth where I might make a home for myself and really live. Every business woman sees this will-o'-the-wisp dancing before her eyes—a vision more enticing for her than if she had never crossed the threshold of her home to enter the workaday world.

The little country life microbe found me indeed an easy mark. The desire for green fields, blue sky, and abundant sunshine became a perfect obsession. I simply *had* to have a little farm, go there and live.

I had saved six hundred dollars, earned by writing for magazines in my spare time; so I named the farm Pendidit, and started out to find it. First of all, it must consist of not less than five acres, with a house of some sort; then it must have near neighbors for protection, for, having no immediate family, I would live alone; it must be accessible to a good railway; and, lastly, but quite as important as anything else, it must be convenient to a good market, for it should be, as far as possible, a self-supporting home.

The search began one day in May, but it was six months later before I found Pendidit. In my ignorance I expected to be a full-fledged landowner by June, and to spend that summer upon my own domain. Alas! I soon discovered that no royal road led to the farm any more than to other things one wants in this world. It is all a slow matter of rejection and selection. It was so easy to find the farms I did not want, or could not afford to buy; I went to look at so many of them, it seemed as if mine ought to come to light through the process of elimination. As weeks and months slipped by in fruitless search, winter threatened to postpone further effort until spring, when the farm appeared quite unexpectedly.

One day in October, 1906, my answer to a real estate dealer's advertisement in a New York paper took me, a little later, to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to look at one more

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undesirable specimen. The agent, however, offered to show me another place, and, as I had to wait two hours for my train anyway, I went to see it. At last I beheld Pendidit, although I did not recognize it at first, for it did not look at all like the place I had in mind. Of course I did not expect six hundred dollars to buy very much of a place, nor was this reason for regret, since I could take it in hand and shape it to suit myself; but this particular farm seemed quite hopeless. A careful inspection, however, disclosed many possibilities. There were fourteen acres of good land, a tiny dilapidated house and barn, a number of bearing fruit trees, it was less than half a mile from the local station, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with New Brunswick, an excellent market, only four miles away on a fine turnpike, and it was cheap—only $1,300. The farm had been allowed to go to pieces because the owner lived some distance away on a larger place. The house would need repairs, but the fruit trees and two hayfields would bring in something the first summer, so I made an offer of $1,000 for the property. The owner said I could have it for $1,075, and I bought it.

During the six months' search, traveling and contingent expenses had reduced my capital of six hundred dollars to four hundred and seventy-five, and this sum made the cash payment. A mortgage of six hundred dollars, at six per cent interest, was assumed for the balance. An arrangement was made which enabled me to reduce the principal in sums not less than fifty dollars at each interest date, for it is so much easier to pay a debt in small installments than in one lump sum. The papers were signed, cash payment made, and the deed turned over to me in November, 1906.

I continued to live and work in New York, for it would have been folly to exchange library work for farming until the mortgage was paid off and at least three hundred and fifty dollars laid by as working capital for the first year. Two-thirds of my salary went for living expenses, but the remainder, together with money earned by writing and lecturing in my leisure hours, would liquidate the debt.

As spring drew near, to my great joy it became possible for me to take a long vacation and enter into my kingdom, for a season at least. On April 1st some very simple furniture was sent out. Just as soon as the house was in order two young nieces and a friend, with tired nerves to match my own, came to share Pendidit's pleasures—and inconveniences. Such good times as we had that summer, doing all of the housework, preparing the meals, and learning how to live without modern improvements!

I wanted a good-sized garden, but, wishing to spend no more money than was absolutely necessary, I cast about in my mind to devise a way of supplying our table with fresh vegetables at a minimum outlay. A neighbor, a farm-hand, had two fine cows, but only three acres of land, not enough for pasturage. I had two good hay-fields, but no stock, so I suggested an exchange of part of the hay and pasturage for his labor—an offer that was eagerly accepted. He prepared, planted, and worked the garden, gathered apples and pears, and did many an odd job for us all through the summer. The garden cost only the price of the seed, for no fertilizer was used, as I wanted to see just what the land would do without other encouragement than good tillage. We had fresh vegetables in abundance all through the season.

When crisp November winds reminded us that summer was past and we must turn our faces cityward, all four of us were beautifully sunburned, my friend and I thoroughly rested, and in fit condition to get back into business harness.

The rest and a better knowledge of the farm's needs and possibilities were the only gains that summer, for the novelty of adapting myself to a new environment was enough to keep me occupied as well as interested. Then little could be done with the place until I could become a permanent resident. It is true, the hay not exchanged for labor was sold in the field for fifteen dollars, fruit was sold to peddlers who came to the farm asking for it, but no systematic attempt was made to sell anything.

As that first summer of temporary residence drew to a close, the one fact that stood out more clearly than anything else was the impossibility of ever living all the year round in the little cottage, too old to justify repairs that would make it comfortable. The original plan must be altered. Instead of having freedom in my hand when Pendidit's mortgage was paid off and a small reserve fund saved up, I would need a modern house and a barn, with a larger reserve fund, before it would be wise to leave the city for good. A small house would cost at least fifteen hundred dollars; my surplus capital must be suf-

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ficient to buy a conveyance of some kind and a horse; also to put in the first year's field crops—and farm labor is expensive. As I could still write and lecture, the first year's expenses need not be a dead weight; still it would be unsafe to venture upon the undertaking until I had at least a thousand dollars in the bank instead of only three hundred and fifty. Half of this would make the first payment on the house, which I expected to build on the building and loan plan; the other half would pay expenses until crops were raised and sold.

Returning to my desk in New York in November, I resolved to get that thousand dollars within two years, if hard work would do it. An increased salary, steady writing for the magazines, some lectures, with seven hundred dollars from an unexpected source, enabled me to pay off the six-hundred-dollar mortgage in June, 1908, and have a thousand dollars in hand by May, 1909, when I felt justified in exchanging my New York occupation for work on the farm with hoe, rake, and wheelbarrow.

May 29, 1909, was a red-letter day, for then a man from the transportation company packed all the furnishings of my apartment into a moving-van, carried them to Pendidit, unpacked and placed everything in the house, and left me, in the midst of all my earthly belongings, truly mistress of the acres spread out before me. Standing in the warm May sunshine, the air redolent with the scent of apple blossoms, a vision, clearer than ever, came to me of all my little home might be, a truer perception of its potential peace and happiness.

There was no time for dreaming, however, for the stern reality of house-building was before me. A firm of local contractors agreed to build a two-story house with cellar, five rooms, and bath, including rough plumbing, but no fixtures, for fifteen hundred and thirty-five dollars. For months I had spent much of my spare time drawing house plans, and the one I showed the contractor was pronounced good.

Building was begun in June, 1909, and the house was turned over to me the following September. It is very good, as far as it goes, for it is but the nucleus of what I hope to make it some day. I paid five hundred dollars cash, then joined a local building and loan association, borrowed a thousand dollars, gave a mortgage on the farm, and now repay the loan in monthly installments of ten dollars. This pays interest and principal at the same time; whenever I pay two hundred dollars, the installments are reduced two dollars a month, or I may pay the entire amount at any time. The five rooms are small but comfortable as well as attractive, easily cleaned, and warmed in winter. Since the house was finished a new barn has been put up, the original cottage has been torn down, and, with the lumber, a large chicken-house and a corn-crib have been built.

Improvements, aside from the new buildings, have been made gradually and systematically. Thirty-two bearing fruit trees—apples, pears, and cherries—were on the place when bought. A few months later strawberries, raspberries, and currants were set out, followed the next spring with more raspberries, as the soil seems particularly suitable for them, and forty young fruit trees—apples, Bartlett pears, peaches, cherries, and plums. It will be several years before the young trees bear to amount to anything, but the old trees have borne larger crops and better fruit each year, owing to pruning and fertilizing.

I market the fruit myself, and find ready sale in New Brunswick for all I can produce. Cherries, about the middle of June, are followed by raspberries, early apples, and harvest pears, then Bartletts and late winter apples. From the middle of June until mid-September I drive to New Brunswick three or four times a week, sometimes every day. In the afternoon two little boys, a neighbor's sons, help me gather the fruit, sort it, and load the baskets on the little surrey, my only conveyance. By removing the back seat it can be made large enough to carry a load of fruit sufficiently heavy for the horse to pull. At four o'clock in the morning I am out of bed, by half-past five my entire family, consisting of Dandy the horse, three beautiful dogs, and fifty chickens, have been fed, I have breakfasted, rubbed down and hitched up the horse, tied him to the hitching-post, got myself into town clothes, and we are off to market, where I sell to fruit dealers and grocerymen. Usually one man buys the entire load, and I am at home again by half-past eight, before the heat of the day. This is the regular programme for weeks, the early morning drive to town being one of the year's greatest pleasures.

Last year's fruit crop, 1911, netted $102, exclusive of half the winter apples that are being held for the higher prices of early spring. My chief customer is a Hungarian. This

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summer, when he asked one day how many baskets were in the load, I replied: "I know there are eight, besides the contents of that large basket. I did not notice the little boys when they filled it, so cannot say whether or not it holds four baskets, as usual. You had better measure them." With a low, sweeping bow, he said: "No, Missis"—they all call me Missis—"I take it for what you say. I been buying fruit from you three year now, and I know if you say four baskets it's near five. I no have to measure before I pay." I find this method an excellent way to obtain customers as well as to hold them.

As I am not ready yet to employ a man by the year, I do much of the farm work, and find that my strength keeps pace with additional exertion as it is made. For instance, the first year my neighbor had to keep the garden in order, for it was as much as I could do to cultivate two or three short rows of beans at a time or to set out two dozen tomato plants. I did all the work in last summer's garden without help; planted one field of feed corn, cut it all in September, and husked most of it. The reason for not husking it all was because weather conditions and a few days' unavoidable absence from home made help necessary, In this country we commiserate the European peasant women for working in the fields. As a matter of fact, they are far better off than their relatives who emigrate to America and work in the close air of our factories. For my part, I love the outdoor work, every bit of it. During the warm months the house sees little of me except at meals and bedtime. There is a good deal of work, however, that I do not attempt, such as plowing, harrowing, and cultivating with the horse, for these things are too heavy for any woman's strength.

In the beginning, enthusiastic friends suggested raising every known thing to make Pendidit earn its keep, from rabbits and Persian cats to mushrooms and alfalfa. It took two summers of experimentation to find out just the things to specialize upon. A crop of potatoes proved disastrous. So did a field of rye, as rye, but as a seed-bed for timothy and clover it has been a great success. The fault has not been with the soil, but with labor conditions, for when farm help is most needed it is about as scarce as hens' teeth. Such labor is very expensive, too, so the plan I have adopted is to make Pendidit a fruit, chicken, and hay farm. The fields are divided into sections, one of them to be seeded down in grass every year, except two acres reserved for corn. These two acres will be rotated with the exhausted hay-fields in order to avoid planting corn in the same place every year. By seeding down one field at a time there is only a small acreage to cultivate, for, with proper treatment, hay does not run out for several years. Meantime, the only expenses are cutting and storing it.

Chicken runs have been started among the fruit trees; as they are enlarged they will take in and fertilize more of them. For the amount of money invested, time and trouble of caring for them, chickens pay better than anything else, for eggs are always in demand, and proper housing and feed will produce them.

Eighteen months ago I bought eight hens of pure mongrel breed, but leaning more toward Rhode Island Reds than anything else, and a pretty good rooster. They were plenty good enough to teach me the ways of chickens, which I wanted to learn before buying fine stock or eggs for setting. At that time my acquaintance with poultry consisted of knowing a chicken when I saw one on the ground or at table. This tiny original flock, plus bought eggs for hatching, has yielded more than one hundred and twenty-five fowls in the eighteen months. Young roosters supply the home table and are sold; likewise old hens after they are through the season's laying. So far no incubator has been purchased, because I have not been prepared to house so many little chicks, but that is what I am working toward. Two breeds are kept: Rhode Island Reds for home consumption and for hatching, White Leghorns for eggs.

From the first, all living expenses, such as grocery bills, fuel, lights, laundry, oats for the horse, besides his other expenses, such as shoeing, blankets, etc., harness and carriage repairs, the outlay for chickens, for the three dogs, cost of the garden, fertilizer, planting and cultivating field crops, have been paid for with money earned by the sale of Pendidit products. The new house and other building expenses, with fencing and grading, are paid for by writing and lectures. Accounts are kept carefully, and show a balance of thirty-three dollars for the first seven months. For the first full year, that of 1910, the balance was three hundred and twenty-seven dollars; not all of it in cash, for some of it represents produce and feed raised and used at home.

The rising cost of living causes me no

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anxiety, for my grocery bill for 1910 was only fifty dollars and eleven cents—so little because the garden produced vegetables enough for me to can a plentiful supply for winter use. Fruit is canned and preserved for the same purpose. With a cellar full of wholesome supplies, with chickens and eggs in the hen-house, milk and butter furnished by a neighbor (I do not keep a cow yet), I might be weather-bound for weeks without inconvenience. By December 1st the pantry is stocked for the winter with groceries that must be bought, such as flour, tea, coffee, sugar, and like staples. For the rest, the table is supplied throughout the year with edibles as they are in season, which is, to me, one great advantage of country life, for in the city all sense of the seasons is lost, and with it much of the pleasure we used to have in fruits and vegetables as they came in their natural order.

My brand of farm life would never appeal to the lady disposed to lie in the hammock all day and read novels, or to the company-lover. Indeed, few seem able to understand how I can be willing to live without constant companionship, as I do, and not be lonely. For one thing, I am too much occupied, too deeply interested in what I am doing, to think about being alone, and I keep in touch with the outside world through daily papers and the magazines. Then I am not without companionship, although it is not constant, for week-end visits of friends give a zest to association which multiplies its pleasure.

But, day in and day out, Pendidit does mean steady, hard work, unremitting watchfulness, and careful management. In exchange, it gives me the rewards of independence, great pleasure, and fine opportunities for self-development.

To any woman at all inclined that way, a small farm has much to offer in the way of health, happiness, and diversion. Above all, it gives her an opportunity of earning her living at home with a business all her own, instead of by outside work for somebody else, that offers little in return beyond money.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator had considered himself familiar with Ellis Island, with the working of that great machine which guards our gates, and with the beneficent activity of our Government. But for some years no country cousin has cared to visit it under his escort. So, although the especial attraction of this visit was the Christmas party for the immigrants, the Spectator found a large by-product of pleasure in the changed conditions.

The Battery had none of its usual green attractiveness as he splashed through the puddles between the Subway and the boat, that sodden December Friday. A dismal little crowd surrounded the entrance, umbrellas jostling each other. Just as the Spectator arrived, a procession of incoming immigrants straggled from the gangplank out into the rain. The familiar types were there, but the dampness seemed to have affected their spirits. However, there were the usual reunions, glad welcomes, and the easy tears of the weary and overwrought. Among those waiting to greet friends the Spectator noted two big Irish girls whose fresh color our climate had not had time to dim, though our coin had dressed them in hats as wide as their skirts were narrow. Their eager eyes soon found in the crowd a short, squat figure, shawled as to head, broganed as to feet, laden with many pounds of bed-ticking, clutching firmly with one hand a heavy pail, with the other a small girl similarly attired and similarly laden. The sisters, aghast, exchanged one glance of realization, and for one moment the Spectator trembled lest any lack in the welcome should dim the shining love and trust in the tired faces of the newcomers. The next, the stylish damsels had swooped upon their mother, and all were crying and crooning sociably together.

The Spectator, being early, went first to the large hall through which Europe enters America. The costumes are astonishing—far more curious than the casual tourist would ever see in Europe, for many of these people come from remote villages whereof the tourist agencies wot not. The Spectator had passed on the dock a group of Slav women, each apparently wearing her entire stock of petticoats at once, their fabrics plaited and standing out stiffly. With bright-flowered kerchiefs and head-handkerchiefs and much barbaric ornament, they walked, against the gray background of sea and sky, perfectly unconscious, but positively startling in their suggestion of a different life. In the great hall the scene, from the gallery, is like an impressionist painting, except for the flat grayness of the background against which are blotched the white or yellow coifs and kerchiefs, the many-colored shawls,

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the faded wonderful tones of linen, the huge moving bundles of household gear knotted around the neck of some almost invisible woman. Often she has also a baby suspended on her breast, and at least one toddler clinging to her hand. All was perfect order. The only irregularity the Spectator saw was that of one boy of four or five, attired in long trousers of stripes at least three inches wide. This young person, in his eagerness, broke from his overladen parent and ran the length of the hall to the inspector's desk before he could be recaptured. "Running for office, most prob'ly," chuckled the Spectator's neighbor.

But it was time for the festivity, and the Spectator sought the dining-room, where the Christmas spiciness of two great trees mingled with the perennial fragrance of soap. The celebration is given only for those detained for special inquiry, those waiting the discharge of their friends in hospital, or those who are to be deported as soon as their steamers sail. The immigrant once admitted needs no such cheer—he has America. The celebration is due to the united efforts of the missionaries stationed at Ellis Island by various religious or philanthropic societies—men and women who have the difficulties of home and foreign fields combined, without the inspiration of seeing, in continual association, the result of their labors. But they evidently enjoy their kaleidoscopic parish.

A young Russian girl stood through the whole programme in the arm of a rough-looking young man, her head against his shoulder, her gloomy eyes never moving from the speaker of the moment, though she probably understood not a word. She was in unrelieved black; a projecting black hood shadowed her forehead, and her lips glowed vividly scarlet in the nearness of the electric light. Next her, but alone, was a young Italian, dapper, with upturned mustache and alert, laughing face. Touching, in another part of the crowd, were four neighbors: a Japanese boy about fourteen; a thin, crafty-looking fellow, perhaps nineteen, of no conjecturable nationality; a discouraged and spectacled old man; and an Italian boy enigma whose clothes and perfect control of expression suggested twenty while his height declared thirteen. Never has the Spectator beheld eyes which saw more or revealed less. The third picture was that of the belle of the occasion, an irrepressible German baby of three, "too small almost for all the life and gladness that o'erfilled her," and letting it escape in frequent yells of pure delight. To her young and pretty mother life was distinctly less joyful. Once or twice she abruptly hid her face against the clean pink gingham frock. Then the baby rapturously beat upon the head-kerchief until the mother-face smiled up at her again.

The exercises began with prayer and the singing of "America" by guests and members of the New York Männerchor, the immigrants' silence like a stone wall, their faces absolutely expressionless, watching the glittering trees. A photographer mounted his ladder, waved a mysterious wand from which flashed a light, and left, with his black box, without arousing a flicker of interest. The Männerchor gave a Christmas hymn. The words were German, but the music spoke to every man in the tongue wherein he was born, and the perfect poise and surety of the trained voices relaxed the tension in the watching faces.

Christmas greetings were given in German, Swedish, Polish, and Italian, the orchestra following each with the appropriate National anthem. It was fascinating to see one group after another wakened to life by the familiar home language. Racial characteristics showed in their appreciation. The German pastor's remarks were greeted with "*Ja, ja*," of quiet satisfaction; but, ah! the deep-throated singing of the "Watch on the Rhine" which followed! Swedes and Poles listened silently, though the singing of Tschaïkowsky's "Christmas Song" by the Russian Octette moved their countrymen. But the Italians were different! Their pastor spoke dramatically, his whole body expressive. Silent as they listened, their rapt expressions spoke for them, and when the words ended and the orchestra swung into the Italian hymn, their shouts almost drowned its rattling crescendo. The Spectator glanced at his young enigma, to find him transformed. He was waving his hat, putting it on his head, remembering his manners and removing it, his face glowing and proud and handsome. Suddenly he raised his hand surreptitiously and wiped his eyes. Then, from a corner, attended by a tall priest, advanced a line of small girls and boys—the choir of San Salvatore, in New York—Italian every one. The girls wore red robes and red caps, in obedience to St. Paul's mandate that the feminine head should be covered. The boys, in white cottas, were bareheaded, St. Paul having omitted to prescribe for their sex. Cheer after cheer accompanied the children to their place between the Christmas trees, stopping, almost with a perceptible bump, when they were ready to sing. Then into the solid silence came the song, "*Tu scendi delle Stelle.*" To the Spectator the familiar nasal drone recalled at once the religious processions in dim aisles of village churches in Italy, or winding amid the vineyards of Capri.

At the end all of them filed out, each receiving at the door, with courtesy, bob, or word of

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thanks, a paper bag, whose color indicated the sex and age for which its contents were destined. The distribution went swiftly, with the precision attained only by careful forethought. Over one thousand gifts were distributed in a very short time, and great was the pleasure as the bags were opened. The Spectator will never forget the rapture in the face of one little Swiss girl as she cuddled a doll whose dainty American clothes would "come off and on." One woman who had dressed many of the dolls was heard to say, "I hoped they might be a lesson in good taste and neatness."

As the last guest left, from the opposite door entered a brigade of orderlies. Like a drill was the cleaning of the tables; like the fire of musketry the rapid setting of the enamel supperplates. The Spectator was taken to the kitchen to see the generous evening meal in preparation. Everywhere was the same neatness. The food is paid for by the steamship companies, but its quality is supervised by Government. The great reception hall was quiet as the Spectator passed through on the way to his boat. Three thousand five hundred people had taken their hopes and fears—not to mention their tangible baggage—through that room during the afternoon. A regiment of cleaners was taking possession. The night force of clerks was arriving, ready for long hours of cataloguing. The Spectator brought home with him, besides his picturesque memories of the party, a greatly increased respect for the Government under which he lives, and for the officials who are working at this one of its many problems.

THE NEW BOOKS

Special Law Governing Public Service Corporations and All Others Engaged in Public Employment (The). By Bruce Wyman, A.M., LL.B. In 2 vols. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. $12.50.

Professor Bruce Wyman, in this work, has placed within reach of all the fruits of years of study given to this topic in connection with his Harvard Law School lectures. The work is one that every student of the subject should consult, and the clear presentation of the law as it is to-day and the suggestions as to how these corporations should be treated in the future ought to, and we believe will, assist in the solution of some of the most vexed questions of the day. Professor Wyman gives at the outset an illuminating historical introduction which shows clearly that many of the difficulties that confront us in the twentieth century are only new forms of those which have troubled every highly organized community called upon to face the fact of monopoly, actual or virtual, in connection with a given calling. He points out that whenever such a monopoly is shown to exist, some form of regulation, judicial or administrative, has always been, and always will be, necessary. As monopoly is usually an incident of public service corporations, it is natural that these should first be the subject of governmental control. The author affirms, what The Outlook has long contended, that the *laissez faire* philosophy of the early part of the nineteenth century has ceased to have vitality, whatever may have been true in the past, and that to-day economic conditions have so changed as to render essential Government regulation of corporations that exercise either actual or virtual monopoly. He also agrees with the position repeatedly taken in The Outlook, that this is no innovation, but merely the application of common law principles to present conditions. Professor Wyman believes that the truly conservative lawyer of to-day who wishes to perpetuate the present state of individual enterprise will do well to work loyally in the effort to bring these public service corporations under reasonable State regulation, lest, if this be not done, the popular exasperation at wrongs suffered will bring about not regulation but Government ownership of these utilities.

Iliad of Homer (The). Translated by Arthur Gardner Lewis. (Two volumes in one.) The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.75.

"The Iliad of Homer," in a fresh translation, appears in little more than a year after its immediate predecessor. That, by Mr. Prentiss Cummings, was in the Homeric hexameter; this, by Mr. Arthur Gardner Lewis, is in Miltonic blank verse. Translations of this oldest of the great world poems can hardly become too numerous, while each serves to add to the never too many readers of immortal literature. As in the case of others, Mr. Lewis's version is a product of the diversions of a scholar. Such works grow leisurely to ripeness through a period of many years. Allowing for debatable differences of judgment, real faults in this version are comparatively few. One such repeats an ancient error. The Homeric name of the sire of Zeus is Kronos, thought to have been a harvest god. It is post-Homeric to call him "Chronus," as the god of time (Greek, *chronos*). Consequently Kronĭdes, not "Chronĭdes," is the proper Homeric appellation of Zeus as Kronos's son. To translate it so would be helpful to unlearned readers. Mr. Lewis has kept fairly

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close to the Homeric text, and the epic simplicity and energy are well preserved in his fluent rhythm.

Italian Castles and Country Seats. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $5.

A fascinating glimpse, discreet yet intimate, of life among the upper classes of Italy may be found in this beautiful volume. Comfortably established in their motor car named Antonio, Mr. and Mrs. Batcheller went from villa to villa through Siena, Assisi, Padua, Bologna, Venice, Rome, and many other Italian cities, always welcomed by Italian friends and hosts, and always seeing and enjoying the beautiful. The author, an artist in more ways than one, was permitted to take photographs of many interiors usually forbidden to the camera. She carried away films upon which were pictured many charming garden scenes and many very beautiful women of the Italian nobility, including an attractive portrait of the Queen Mother, Margherita. It is rare to find a record of personal experiences in private homes so free from everything that might be questioned. Mrs. Batcheller is an enthusiastic admirer of the Italians, but she writes without excess, making her readers feel her love of the country and people, yet never wearying them with over-description. She introduces much of history and legend in connection with the account of her visits to these places, and, in the form of admirable letters to her mother, shares her pleasures with her readers. As an accomplished singer and linguist, she doubtless gave quite as much pleasure as she experienced. An interested observer of modern progress in Italy, she finds there a "great industrial giant" released from his bonds, now awaking to his possibilities. The Italian woman has not kept pace with the men, but in this generation and the next will make great progress; as it is, she is fully up to the standard of other European women.

Statesmen of the Old South. By William E. Dodd. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Professor Dodd's book is interesting not only as a biographical study of three famous Americans—Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, and Jefferson Davis—but also as a study of party politics in the United States. Indeed, it is chiefly interesting in the latter aspect, for in analyzing the rise and fall of the Democratic party Professor Dodd frankly views his subject from the standpoint of the modern "Progressive." The initial successes of the Democrats, under Jefferson's leadership, he ascribes to the fact that their opponents, the Federalists, were "reactionaries" and put property interests above human interests; and the decline of the Democrats, under Calhoun and Davis, he traces to the development of a similar reactionary trend within that party. The same thing, he incidentally affirms, has been true of the Republican party. "It was a long and deflected road," he writes, "from Jefferson to Jefferson Davis, but the South traveled it and thought it the king's highway, just as the great Republican party has traveled from Lincoln to McKinley, thinking the way perfectly plain and easy—a development almost identical with that of the Democrats from Jackson to Buchanan, from liberty and equality to privilege and property." Needless to say, those constitutionally or environmentally incapable of sympathizing with the Progressive movement of to-day will regard this book as "pernicious" in tone and influence; but it is really a most stimulating contribution to a philosophic understanding of some of the chief facts and present problems in the National life. If, on the one hand, it makes it very clear that there has been a continual conflict between property rights and the rights of humanity, it demonstrates no less surely that in the long run the latter will always prevail, and that in the evolution of the party system of government in the United States there will always appear a party of the people to challenge, and soon or late overcome, the champions of privilege.

Prospect of Forty Years. By William Allen Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

William Allen Butler will by many people be first remembered as the author of the amusing satirical society poem "Nothing to Wear." He wrote other poems not less amusing and pointed, such as "The Sexton and the Thermometer." But, entirely apart from his gift in this direction, Mr. Butler was a man of public spirit, a lawyer of ability, a social figure of prominence. His memories have largely to do with the period of the Civil War, and his reminiscences throw many new lights on certain phases of war times. The book is capital reading because of its entertaining personal anecdotes.

History of St. George's Church in the City of New York, 1752-1811-1911. By Rev. Henry Anstice, D.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Dr. Henry Anstice's "History of St. George's Church in the City of New York" takes one back into the city's early history, in which its religious beginnings are involved. The recent centenary of this widely known church, appropriately marked by Dr. Anstice's work, commemorates not only its organization as a church in 1811, but its institution in 1752 as a chapel-of-ease to Trinity Church, incorporated in 1697. This was the permanent issue of beginnings dating from the first English occupation in 1664, which put a stop to Dutch intolerance. Episcopal Churchmen of the Colonial period have left their memorial in old Trinity, St. George's, and Columbia University, which, as King's College, held its first commencement in St. George's Chapel, then on Beekman Street, in 1756. A new era of growth and progress succeeded to the years of desolation brought in by the war for independence, and it is to this that

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Dr. Anstice's history is mainly given. It is naturally divided into periods by the rectorship of a succession of strong men—Drs. Milnor, Tyng, Williams, Rainsford, and now Dr. Birckhead. This history is conspicuously instructive to all city churches which shifting population confronts with the problem of a change either of method or of site. Here it was solved by the hearty co-operation of large-minded laymen with Dr. Rainsford's enterprising plan for gradually shaping St. George's into a modern church of the institutional kind—now, as President Roosevelt wrote five years ago, "the most notable institution of the kind in the world."

Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature. Edited by Henry Wace, D.D., and William C. Piercy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $8.

About twenty years ago Dr. Henry Wace, the present Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, and the late Dr. William Smith, well known as editor of dictionaries of the Bible and of Greek and Roman antiquities, etc., jointly edited in four large volumes "The Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines" for the first eight centuries of the Christian era. This has been condensed into a single volume of over a thousand double-columned pages, edited by Dr. Wace and the Rev. William C. Piercy, M.A., in which some important articles by living scholars appear in place of some withdrawn. In its limitation to the first six centuries, the formative and authoritative period of Church history, it has lost little or nothing of value to readers interested in that subject. Its many-paged articles on such personages as Cyprian, the church organizer, Origen, the critic and interpreter, Eusebius, the historian and apologist, Hieronymus (Jerome), the Bible translator, and others of equal note, justify commendation of it as "the most valuable and the most interesting series of monographs on the chief characters and incidents of Church history ever contributed to a single undertaking by a band of Christian scholars." Among these, both of the living and of the dead, are many of high distinction. Its seventy-five collaborators are mostly of the Church of England. As a standard work of reference its value is manifest.

Canadian Rockies (The). By A. P. Coleman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The author of this book, by his sub-title, "New and Old Trails," indicates the contents of the volume, which include descriptions of visits to the Rockies and to the Columbia River at various periods between 1884 and 1908. These several journeys covered many different sections of the far West, and the conditions there found are set forth with great clearness, while the narrative of personal travel and adventure is thoroughly readable. The book is handsomely furnished with maps and photographs.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

IS THE OUTLOOK A SEMITIC ORGAN?

It is with infinite chagrin that I lift my voice in protest against the policy of The Outlook in giving so much space to the Jewish interests in America. If the desires of an alien people, of less than two per cent of our population, and that proportion generally illiterate and non-readers of English, are to dominate the policy of one of our most representative magazines, then the "Outlook" of your American readers is indeed pitiful!

It has been humiliating enough for the patriot to see our theaters syndicated and degraded by the Israelite; our daily papers and magazines generally subsidized; our shops made into Jewish trusts; even our courts made playthings of this pariah race. Now even our Outlook has become a Semitic organ!

What has become of our American spirit of independence, that our men of affairs cringe and grovel before these world's parasites? Is the spirit of American manhood so emasculated by a few years of blatant luxury that the sturdy righteousness of our forebears slumbers and will not awaken? What is the subtile poison these aliens have injected into the blood of American manhood that has in a few brief years so devitalized our moral fiber?

It would seem as if we were calling upon history to repeat itself in the devastating of our fair land by these Children of Israel, who have brought ruin and desolation in every country in which they have obtained a foothold; yet our men give the control of the press and the very reins of government into these unfriendly hands.

There is no "Melting Pot"—a Jew is always a Jew, no matter what religion he embraces. He has no patriotic allegiance to country; his code of ethics embraces only his loyalty to his racial instinct, which to him is above all Gentile morals!

With these facts before your eyes, why are you so blind to this National menace? Why will you thinking men allow your influence to be used for the purpose of producing altruistic hysteria in the "man in the street"? You must know that

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your gift of reason should serve a nobler purpose than to submerge the interests of your own people that the Jew may triumph and fatten in our land.

Is it that you fear the withdrawal of his patronage? You cannot suppose that the views or ambitions of the Ghetto are of any interest to the real American public!

Now, forsooth, we must jeopardize our relations with a friendly nation because the Jew must satisfy his grudge against Russia because she will not receive with open arms the people she exiled for sowing the seed of sedition, discord, and revolution there, as elsewhere, and because Russia is courageous enough to say she will have none of them.

Our body politic is bidden to coerce Russia that the Jew may show his power over the country that has given him shelter, and flaunt his mastery over our political organizations. Not content with carrying on an infamous subterranean press campaign of misrepresentation and calumny these many years, they must now use our politics as a means of furthering their revenge and greed.

Russia's treaty with the United States is exactly the same, in so far as the Jew is concerned, as that in force with all of the great nations, which international law gives Russia the inalienable right to be respected; and we hear no plaint from England, France, or Germany—nations exceedingly jealous of their rights, and all containing a large Jewish population. America alone, forsooth, must be made the cat's-paw of Jewish ambition, and our National interest must be jeopardized for a people whose only usefulness in times of strife is that of the usurer. "MERCEDES LEIGH."

St. Petersburg, Russia.

[The writer of this extraordinary letter uses a pseudonym, but sends us her name and address. The Outlook is not an advocate of the Jews. But it is an advocate of the rights of man. It is unalterably opposed to any discrimination against any persons on the ground of race, class, or religious principles. We have no prejudice for the Jews, and we have none against them; and, in common with all Americans, we have no fear of them. There are good Jews, as there are good Christians; there are bad Jews, as there are bad Christians. But in this country, where the Jews have, as they ought to have, equal industrial and educational opportunity with other men, we find them in general not less patriotic, not less public-spirited, not less charitable, than their fellows. The unanimous action of the American Congress, taken since your letter was written, represents the practically unanimous sentiment of the American people, that it will neither itself exercise any discrimination against the Jews because they are Jews, or against the priests of the Roman Catholic Church because they are priests, nor will it consent to do this indirectly by having its passports to Jews and its passports to priests rejected by the country to which they are sent, not because the Jews or the priests are unworthy persons, but because of the religious faith which they profess.—THE EDITORS.]

CONFUSED THOUGHT ABOUT THE ARBITRATION TREATIES

Much confusion of thought as to the meaning of "justiciable" in the treaties would disappear if the public remembered that no court can adjudicate except on claims in equity or law, and that all may deal with vital interest and honor where such claim exists, if it comes within their limited scope. The criminal court may take away, upon due claim, John Smith's house or liberty or life, yet other matters of vital interest, like whom he shall marry or what his religion shall be, it cannot touch, for they are purely personal. The Supreme Court at Washington can adjudicate only inter-State difficulties, the Hague Court only international quarrels; whether they be of vital interest and honor does not matter, provided a claim is made in law or equity. Purely national questions, like admission of aliens, are no more justiciable at the Hague Court than whether John Smith shall take boarders is justiciable by a police court. The Monroe Doctrine, being a policy, involves no claim, and of course is not justiciable. The bugaboo of "arbitrating independence" raised by Colonel Roosevelt vanishes when it is seen that only an independent nation is allowed to arbitrate. Arbitration of independence is a contradiction of terms.

Colonel Roosevelt's declaration that it would be "wicked" for our Nation to agree to arbitrate future unknown questions of vital interest and honor implies that in 1789 our thirteen colonies did wrong to agree to leave all such questions arising between States to a Supreme Court not then appointed. His logic would prevent binding business contracts or the marriage vow "till death us do part" unless future exigencies and strain could be foreseen.

Mr. Root's proposed preamble, in no sense an amendment, merely explains to timid skeptics what is absolutely in the treaties. It is like an amiable concession made by a seller to a frightened, unbusinesslike old woman who insists that in purchasing a lot it shall be explicitly stated in the deed that she may build what kind of a house she likes, may have what fence she likes, and may be allowed to keep out undesirable company—all of which it was quite unnecessary to state, as every person of sense is well aware. But, as President Taft says, "it is harmless." LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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BY THE WAY

Color photography on paper has arrived, according to "Wilson's Photographic Magazine." The new paper is to be used in conjunction with the Lumière color plates, which successfully reproduce natural colors, but only on glass transparencies. By printing these transparencies on the new paper—which is called "Utocolor," and is the invention of Dr. J. H. Smith, an Englishman—a beautiful colored photograph is, it is claimed, obtained by a simple chemical process.

A new recipe for attaining longevity is, Give away your fortune. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who donated seven millions to philanthropic objects, is a notable example of success in this line. He is ninety-two, and remarked recently that he felt so well that he feared he had not kept enough of his fortune to provide for himself during the many more years that he expects to live. If he gets "short," Dr. Pearsons will doubtless be privileged to recall a portion of his gifts without being called an "Indian giver."

Abd-el Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, lost his throne partly because of his fondness for European inventions. And now his successor, Mulay Hafid, has installed a wireless station at his capital, Fez, and also amuses himself, so it is said, with an aeroplane!

New York City, according to the Census Bureau, has ceased to be an Irish and German city, so far as its foreign-born population is concerned, and has become predominantly Italian and Russian. It contains 252,500 Irish, 279,200 Germans, 340,400 Italians, and 485,600 Russians and Finns. Even the Hungarians have passed the Irish, outnumbering them by 13,000.

The record for fast railway track laying is said to have been gained for a railway in British Nigeria—six and a half miles in twelve hours and fifty minutes. Over 1,600 men were employed in this feat—all but seventeen of them being natives. After this, Africans cannot be accused of lacking energy.

At a Kansas agricultural experiment station the results of treating animals with kindness were recently demonstrated to be of the most practical character. Three cows were selected, and at first treated with the utmost care and gentleness, with the result that they produced 36 pounds of milk containing 4.3 per cent of butter fat. The same cows were then frightened by their attendants howling at them, letting dogs bark at them, etc., with the result that they produced only 23 pounds of milk, containing only 3.4 per cent of butter fat. The farmer, therefore, who says "So, Milly, so!" instead of "Hist, ye brute!" is justified by economics as well as ethics.

Among the curiosities of the United States Patent Office is an invention by a six-year-old boy. This is a toy with sliding disks, capable of making a delightful noise—to a six-year-old—and its inventor is said to be the youngest person in the world to whom a patent has ever been issued.

The American Medical Association is to make a study of methods of resuscitation from electrical shock. Many eminent physicians and electrical engineers are to cooperate in the investigation, which it is hoped will have important practical results.

Some people overstrain the symbolism of the Bible, and to one of these who asked, "Do you think the great pyramid a prophecy of the coming of Christ?" the Rev. Dr. Buckley is credited with this reply: "I answer with the speculation of a man who found a boot on the shores of the Mediterranean marked 'J,' and concluded that it belonged to Jonah, and was cast off by him in his struggles when he was ejected by the whale."

Plans are under way for rejuvenating Central Park, New York City. The dense shubbery on the boundaries of the park is to be thinned out, so that people who walk on the adjacent streets—who, it is said, far outnumber the park's visitors—can have a glimpse of the green landscape and the growing things inside. This is in line with the new movement for making municipal properties more widely useful for all the people.

An aspiring playwright asks the "Dramatic Mirror" if an Authors' Trust exists to suppress young yearners for literary fame. The editor sensibly answers that "the only wires hitched to the public are laid by the playwright's own ability. A 'pull' undeniably helps to get a hearing, but it does not extend to the public, which constitutes the last court of appeal." Poor plays produced by famous authors, it may be added, fail as inevitably as good ones by newcomers succeed.

Mr. Grahame-White has finally been awarded the prize of $10,000 for flying from Belmont Park to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. The other competitors, the late John B. Moisant and Count de Lesseps, were disqualified for failure to follow the rules of the contest.

Professor Karl Larsen, of Copenhagen, is in America lecturing to his Danish fellow-countrymen on historical subjects. Professor Larsen is credited with having devised a new and interesting method of treating history. He "gets down to facts" by making use of the personal letters of soldiers, civilians, and women of the period treated. If the right kind of letters can be secured, and the right kind of editing, this method should make the recital of historical happenings exceptionally vivid.

One of the world's unsolved geographical problems concerns the sources of the Brahmaputra River, in Tibet. In a recent attempt to explore this region two European travelers were killed by the natives. A punitive expedition has been organized by the British Government, and it is expected that the scientists who are to accompany it will at last solve the puzzle.

This being leap year, it may not be amiss, as showing the antiquity of woman's rights in the matter of "popping the question," to quote the following passage from a law passed in Scotland in 1288: "It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe year, ilk mayden ladye of bothe high and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes."

The United States imported more than $40,000,000 worth of gems in 1911—an indication of returning prosperity. England also has a similar index pointing to good times, for a news item says that the fashion of wearing large, heavily gemmed rings by women in London has made the putting on of gloves over the rings almost impossible, and so gloves are no longer an indispensable adjunct of evening toilette.

Soccer, or Association football, received special recognition by the National Collegiate Athletic Association at its recent annual meeting in New York City. This game is said to be growing rapidly in popularity among the colleges.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who sufered an attack of appendicitis in Ceylon during his trip around the world, is reported to be out of danger.

Pittsburgh has completed a fine new hospital. It covers four acres of ground, contains every modern convenience, will accommodate five hundred patients and give every one of them an outside room, and represents an investment of over $1,000,000. Incidentally, it may be added that the need for hospitals in Pittsburgh has been slightly lessened recently by the introduction of safety appliances in some of the mills.

The Australian holders of the Davis lawn tennis challenge cup defeated the American team in New Zealand two weeks ago, and retain the cup. America held the cup three years, from 1900 to 1902; it then went to England, from 1903 to 1906; the Australians won it in 1907 and have repeated their victory each year since.

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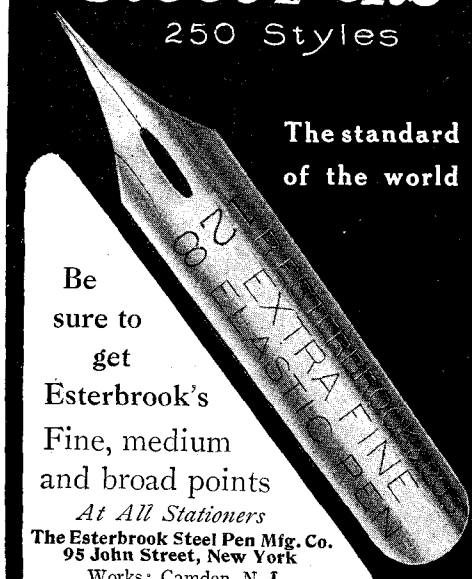

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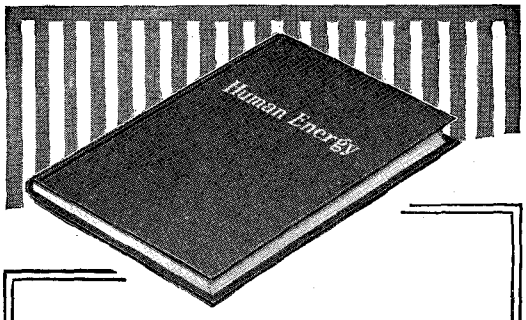

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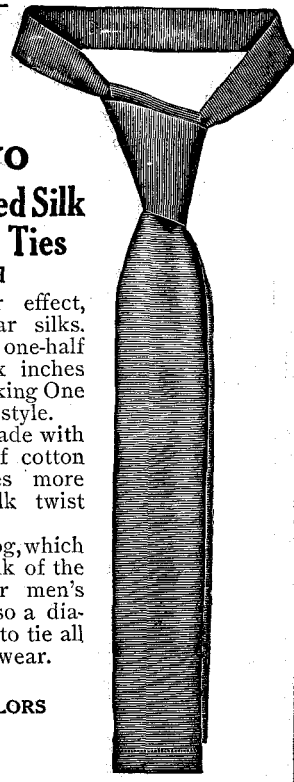

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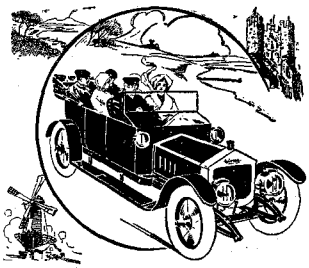

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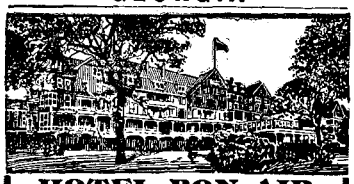

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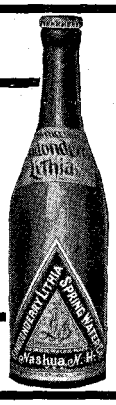

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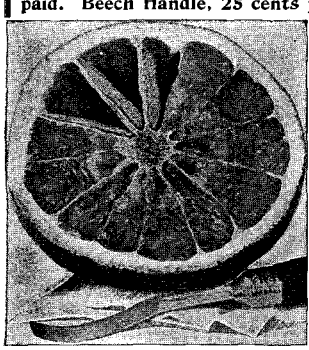

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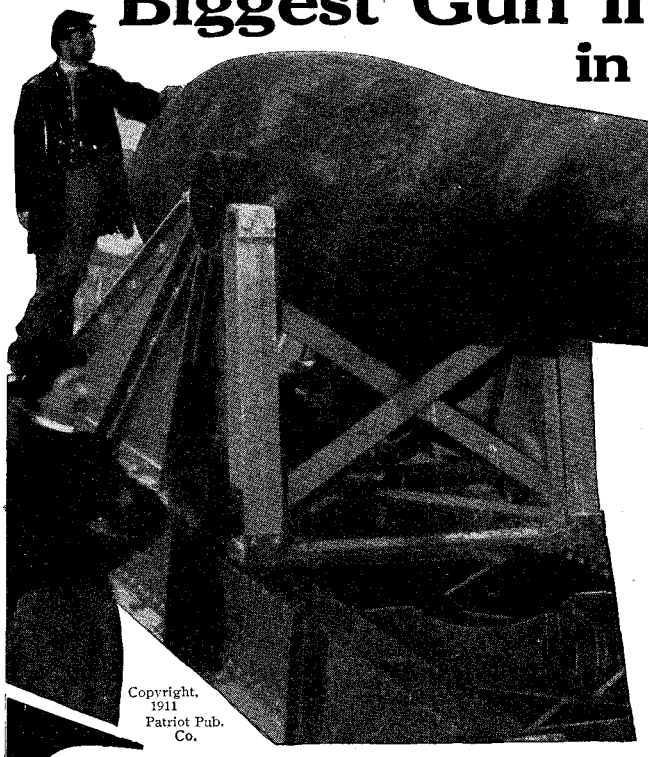

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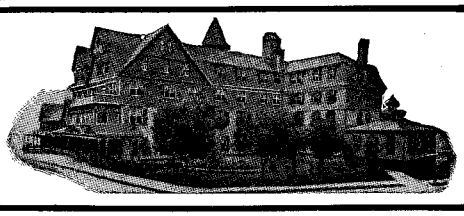

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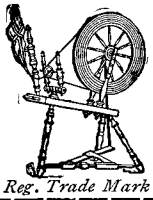

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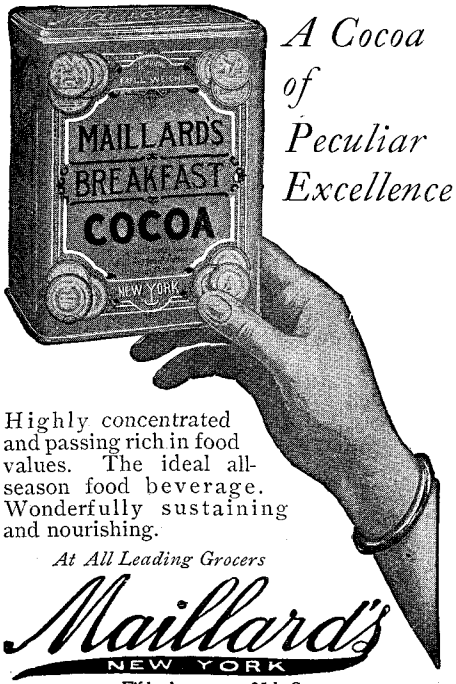

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